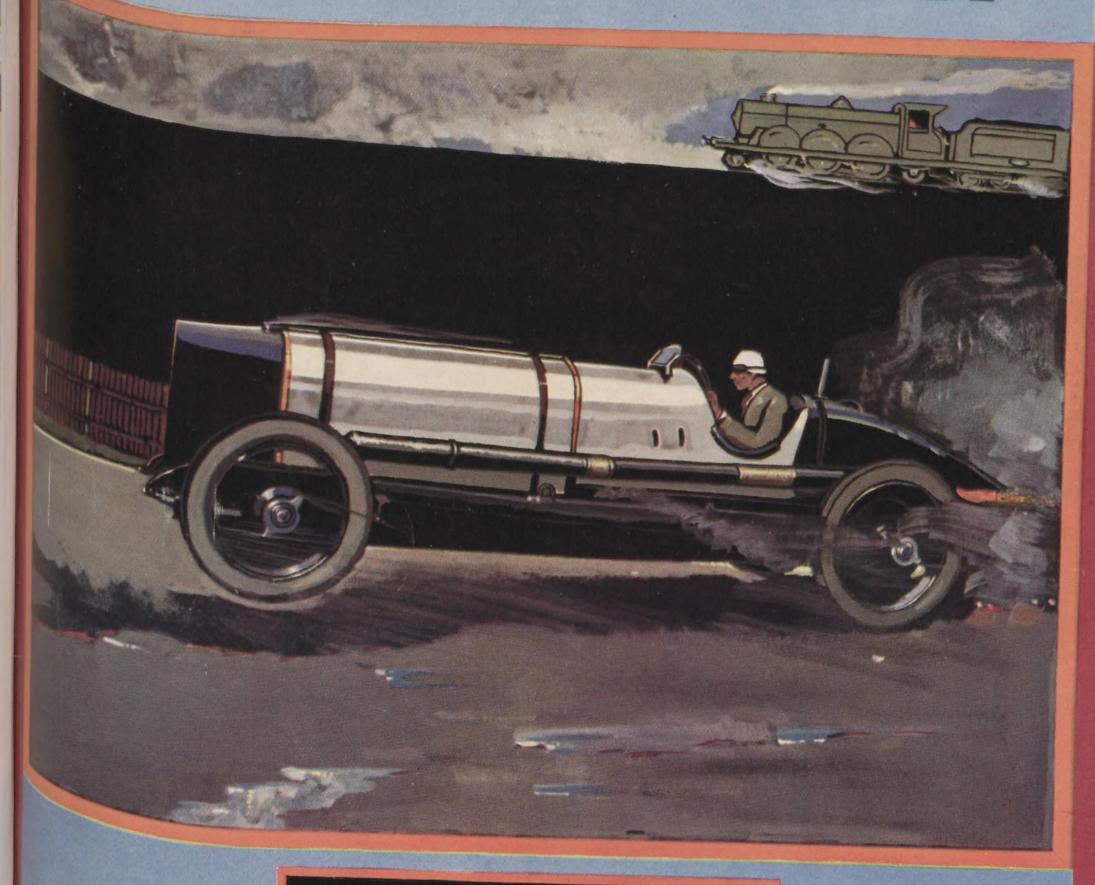
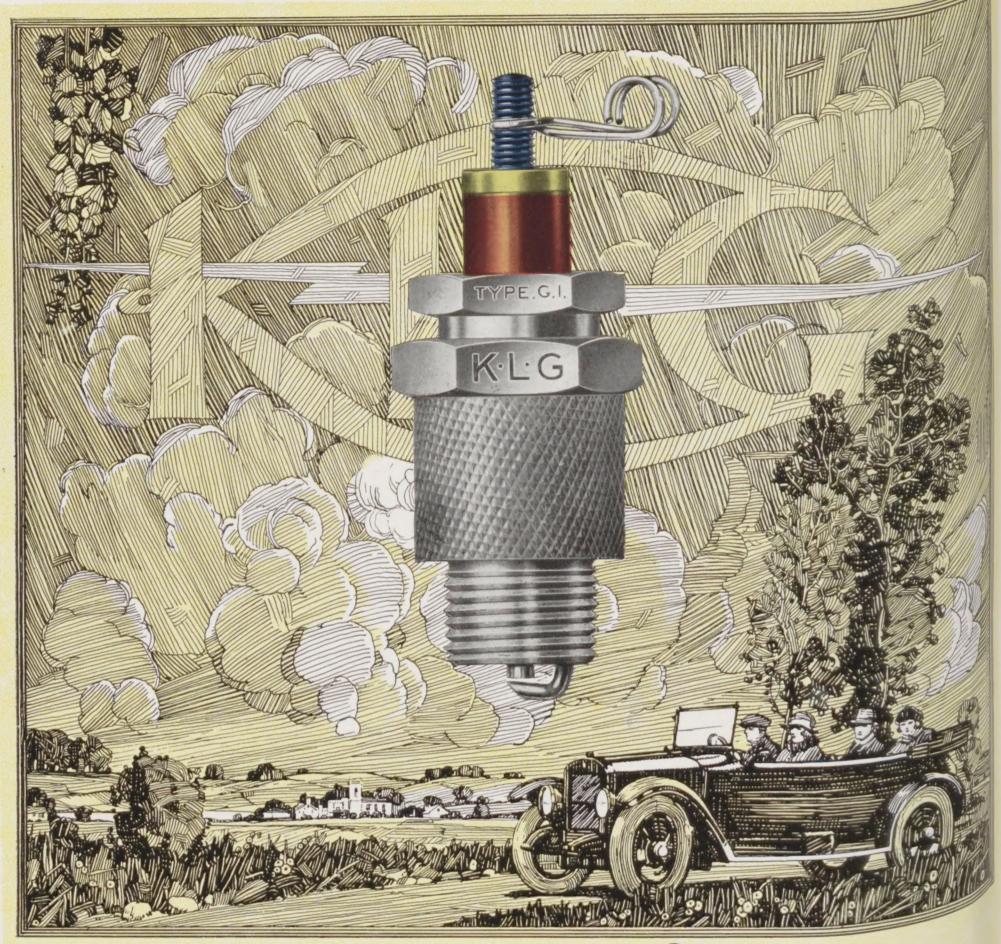
MOTOR OWNER



The Things That Courage Can Dö Britain Regains Worlds Records

June 1922

One Shilling



K.L.G. Sparking Plugs

"G" TYPES

6/EACH

In addition to the qualities which have secured the unique achievements of all "K.L.G." plugs the "G" series (as illustrated above) incorporates new features of practical value to the motor-owner both from the point of view of efficiency and economy.

REPLACEMENT CENTRE

THE ROBINHOOD ENGINEERING WORKS LTD.

PUTNEY VALE LONDON S.W.15

Sole Export Agents: S. Smith & Sons (M.A.), Ltd., Central Works, Cricklewood



HE motorist of moderate means, who requires a high-class but economical vehicle, will find no car so suitable as the "Wolseley" Ten. Definitely recognised as the leader amongst small cars, it is equal in road performance and in appearance to cars of much greater horse power. For holiday touring or for daily use it stands

On May 2nd and 3rd a "Wolseley" Ten set up the first Double Twelve Hour Record in the British Light Car Class. This was not a specially built racing car, but was a STANDARD "WOLSE-LEY" TEN slightly modified to suit racing conditions—a striking proof of the robust constitution of Wolseley standard productions.

Standard Equipment, Dunlop Tyres

without rival.

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(Proprietors: Vickers Limited)

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Indian Depot: Sandhurst Bridge Road, Chaupatty, Bombay

Wolseley House, 157-160 Piccadilly, W.



Clean out the crank-chamber of your car and fill up with the correct lubricant

THE touring season has arrived. Motorists everywhere are commencing to make the fullest use of their cars. Already a large number of car owners, intent on getting the greatest enjoyment out of this season, have insured against engine troubles.

How? By cleaning out the crank-chambers of their cars, and filling up with the grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for the correct lubrication of their engines, thus ensuring

Maximum power.
Full compression.
Maximum economy in oil and fuel.
Minimum risk of engine breakdown.

START RIGHT. The Chart of Recommendations, accurate, authoritative and complete, will show you the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils recommended for your car. Let this Chart—a section of which is shown here—be your guide to correct lubrication. The complete Chart is on view at any garage

Write for the booklet Correct Lubrication, a scientific treatise, illustrated, instructive and easily understood. Post free on request.

Gargoyle Mobiloils are sold by dealers everywhere



Chart of Recommendations—Part II.

MOTOR CARS

EXPLANATION:

For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"

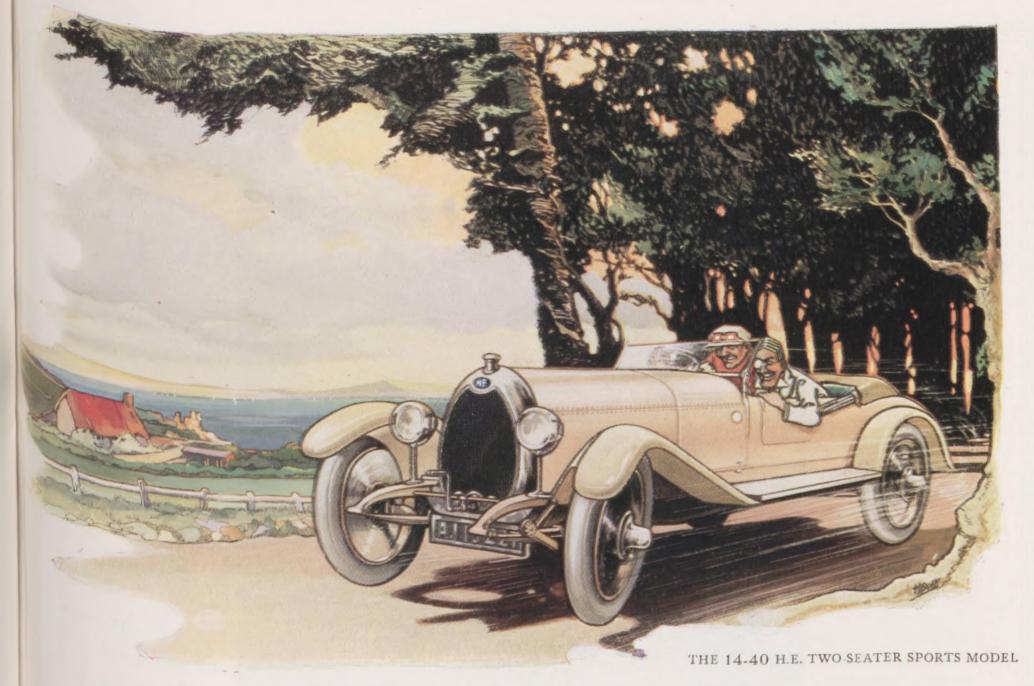
"B" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"

Coventry-Premier	> Summer	Wmur	Crear	Back
Commonwealth	-	-		0
Commonwealth	A	Arc	10	C
Corona BB A C C C C COVentry-Premier A Arc C C C C COVentry-Premier BB A C C C C C COVENTRY-Premier BB A C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C	A	Arc	C	C
Cottin-Desgouttes	A	Arc	C	0
Coventry-Premier Coventry-Pr	BB	A	C	E
Crossley, 19.6 h.p. BB A C C C Crossley, 25/30 h.p. BB B A C C C C Couch A A A C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C	BB	A	TGH	1
Crouch A A C C Crown-Magnetic A A Arc C C Cubitt B A A C C C Daimler, 20 h.p. A A A C C D Daimler, 30 h.p. A A C C C D D A A A C C C D C D D A A C C <th>A</th> <th>A</th> <th>100</th> <th>0</th>	A	A	100	0
Crown-Magnetic A Arc C C Cubitt A A C C C Dir.P. BB A C C C C C D D A A C C C C D D A A A C C C D D A A A C C D D D A A C C D D D D A A C C D D D D A A C C D<	A	AA	C	ci
Cubitt A A CC CC CD CD CC CC CD CC CC CD CC CC CD CC CD C	A	A	CC	
D.F.P. Daimler, 20 h.p. Daimler, 20 h.p. Daimler, 30 h.p. Daimler, 45 h.p. Davis Dav	BB —	1	6	6
Daimler, 30 h.p. A A C C C Daimler, 30 h.p. A A C C C Daimler, 45 h.p. A A C C C Daimler, 45 h.p. A A C C C Daimler, 45 h.p. A A C C C Davis	A	A	C	6
Datimler, 45 h.p. A A	A	A	C	C
Davis — <td>Arc</td> <td>Arc</td> <td>C</td> <td>0</td>	Arc	Arc	C	0
Day-Leeds A A C C De Dion Bouton BB A C C Deemster BB A C C Delahaye BB A C C Delahaye BB BB A C C Delaunay-Belleville BB BB C C C Diatto BB BB C C C C Diatto BB BB C C C C C Diatto A Arc C C C C Diatto A Arc C C C C Diatto A Arc C C C C Dolatto BB A C C C C Dolatto A Arc C C C C Dolatto A Arc C C C C Dolatto A Arc C C	BB	A	0	6
Daylecus BB A C C C C C C C C C	A BB	A	CC	CC
BB	BB	A	C	0
Delahage BB B A C C C C C Delaunay-Belleville BB B B C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C	BB	BB	C	G
Delahaye BB B A C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C	BB	BB	C	1
Derby	B	-	cc	00
Diatio	В	BB	C	0000
Dixie-Flyer	A	Arc	C	G
Dodge Bros.	Arc	Arc	C	C
Dort	A BB	A	0	1
Dought Four Arc Arc CC CC E.H.P. BB A Arc CC CC E.H.P. BB A Arc CC CC CE E.H.P. BB A Arc CC CC CE Emscote A Arc CC CE Emscote BB A CC CE CE CE CE CE CE	RD	-	-	1
BB A CC C C C C C C C	-	-	-	C.
Earl A Arc —<	-	A	CC	C
Emscote BB A C C C Ensign BB A C C C Eric Campbell BB A C C C Essex A Arc C C C F.N. BB A C C C F.N. BB B A C C C Farman BB BB C C Flaid B BB C C Ford E E C C G.N. TT TT TGL TGL G.N. TT TT TGL TGL Galloway BB A C C C Gilchrist A A C C C Grant A Arc C C C Grant A Arc C C C	BB	A	C	C
Enfield-Allday	BB	A	C	00
Eric Campbell	BB	A	C	C
Essex	A	Arc	C	BB
F.N	BB	BB	C	0880
Farman	BB	BB	CC	CC
Flait	BB	A		C
Ford	E	EA	6	1
Forest TT TT TGL TT TT TGL BB A C C C Galloway BB A C C C Gilchrist A A C C C Grant A Arc C C C	BB	TT	TGL	TOL
G.W. K	TT	A	6	C
Galloway BB AA C C C Gilchrist A A C C C Grant A Arc C C C	BB	A	1	6
Galchrist A A C C C Grant A Arc C C C	_	1	C	C
Glover A Arc C C C	A	Arc	0	C
Grant A Arc C C	A	A	0	C
	BB	A	C	00
Gregoire BB	BB	A	C	-
Gregoire-Campbell PR A C	A	A	1	6
HE BB A	-	A	C	3
Hamilton BB DD C C	BB	-	cc	CC C
Hampton BB 2 C C	BB	A	C	1.
Hands BB A CC CC	A	Arc	C	BB
Hariscott A Arc C C	BB	BB	BB	0
Hillman BB A BB BB	BB	A.	0	00
Hispano-Suiza BB BD C C	BB	A	C	C
Horstman BB A C C	Arc	Arc	C	C
Hotchkiss Arc C C	A	Arc	C	1
Hudson Super Six Arc Arc C C Huffman Arc Arc C C	BB	1-	BB	0
Humber, 10 h.p	BB	A	C	0
Humber, 11.4 n.p np A BB	A	Arc BB	C	00
Humber, 18.9 h.p A Arc C	BB	A	CC	6
	A	A	0	0
IDE	BB	BB	C	1
Iris C C	B	BB	1	C
Isotta-Fraschini P A C	BB	BB	C	C
Itala A A	Arc	A	C	A
Iordan C C	BB	A	AC	0
Touffret BD A A	A	A	C	0
Jowett A	A	A	C	6
K.L A A C	BB	A	G	B
King	BB	A	AC	0
Lagonda BB A A B	A	A	1	6
Lanchester A C C	BB	BB	00	0
Lancia A	A	A.	0	C
Laurence-Jackson A C	Arc	A	0	1
Leyland Eight Arc Arc BB	BB	-	C	0
Licorne, La BB A BD C	BB	A	C	1
A A C	150	A	1	-
Little Midland BB A C	-		dati	122
Lorraine-Dietrich B	econ	nmel		

The above is the second instalment of the Chart of Recomfor Motor Cars, 1922-1921 Models.

VACUUM OIL CO. Ltd.
Caxton House, Westminster,
London, S.W.1

Telegrans: "Vacuum, 'Phone, London."
Telephone: Victoria 6620 (7 lines).



An Engineering Achievement in a High-Speed Sports Model

CTRENGTH, precision and accessibility are the assets of the 14-40 H.E. Sports Model Engine. Its finely made working parts, machined to accurate limits, embody only those features of proved design and selected materials which contribute to power, economy and long life.

The H.E. is not a Car of a single advantage only—it meets all needs; it is a fast Car, a beautiful Car, a comfortable Car. A Car to stimulate pride of ownership.

We should like you to prove these claims for yourself. A Demonstration Run can be arranged at any time by appointment-Phone: READING 1254.

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If desired, any H.E. Model can be acquired on Deferred Terms, or it can be arranged to exchange existing Cars in part payment.

Write us for name and address of nearest Authorised H.E. Agency, and ask for a free copy of descriptive Booklet.

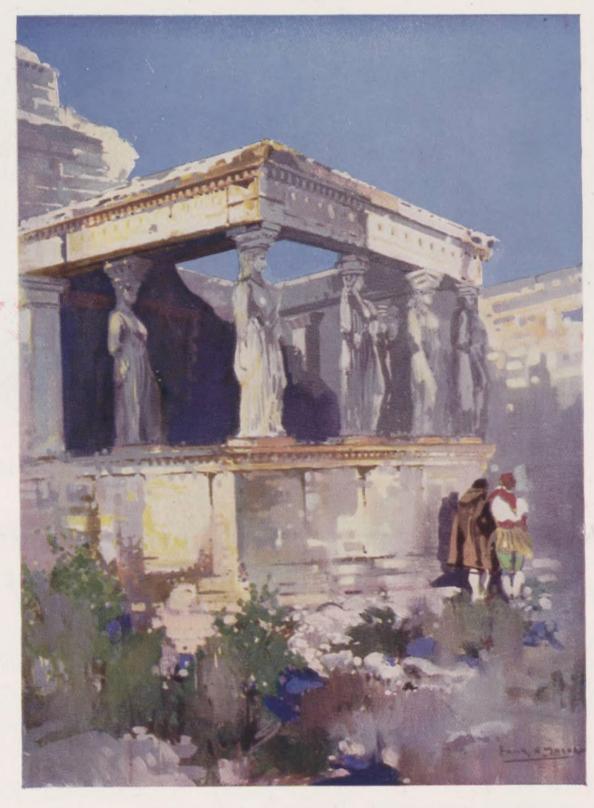
Phone- READING 1254



ompany,

Wirer-HYRBENGIN, READING

THE GLOWING LAND OF GREECE



THE WONDERFUL ERECHTHEUM ON THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS IS ONLY ONE OF THE OBJECTS OF INTEREST AND BEAUTY TO BE DEVOURED IN A JOURNEY THROUGH GREECE

If you have been, you are going again If you have not been, you must visit it!





Prominent Motor Journalists See SHELL Tested

A number of prominent motoring journalists have visited the Engine-Testing Laboratory where "Shell" Motor Spirit is tested, and have personally observed tests of "Shell" Spirit. Extracts from their articles, which have been published in full elsewhere, will be given in our announcements, and will be found to constitute the most remarkable proof of the superiority of "Shell" Spirit ever published.

Mr. H. MASSAC BUIST:

of the Borneo fields. . . . Shell spirit can be shown to have a higher "useful compression" than any other of the well-known brands. This means that in nine cases out of ten with a car or lorry engine the ignition could be advanced on this fuel, and the mixture weakened slightly, without resulting in that "pinking" which sets the limit as well to power as to economy."—Observer.

CAPT. E. DE NORMANVILLE:

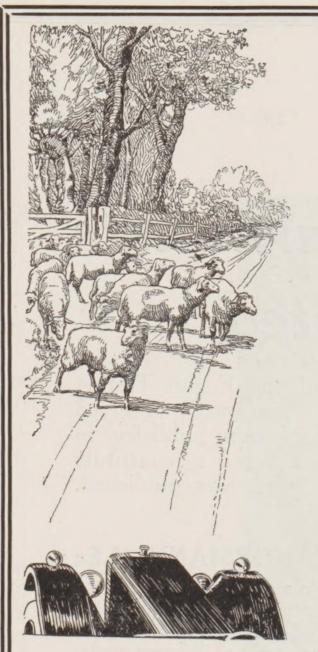
testing laboratory in the South of England . . . The engine is specially designed for testing the economy and power output of different grades and brands of petrol. . . . I was privileged to assist at a number of tests. . . . The superiority of "Shell" was so convincingly demonstrated that justice demands that it should be recognised. . . . You find the reason for the fact in their Borneo wells, the fuel from which contains a considerable proportion of benzol. There you get your non-pinking, economy, and power characteristics—a kindly gift from Nature.— Motor-Owner.

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To ensure the best running, use Shell Spirit and Shell Motor Lubricating OIL

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Write for leaflet "IN THE TEST-HOUSE"



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The sudden invasion of the road by a flock of sheep is another of the trials which beset the motorist when he least expects it.

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are made of woven high-grade asbestos, impregnated with a chemical bond, which gives them the durability of metal.

They will not falter or "seize" in action-and because of the firm, compact weave of the material, they wear down slowly and evenly, retaining their uniform gripping power to the end.

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Depots: London, Birmingham, Manchester, Belfast. Leeds, Bristol, Glasgow, Coventry, Newcastle, and Llandrindod Wells.

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- C. It is built from first to last for hard "owner-driver" service, and designed in every detail for ease in handling, simplicity in upkeep, and remarkable economy for the service given.
- C. We can supply on advantageous extended payment terms desired.



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IDEAL HOLIDAY

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CARBURATION CCELERATION

NOMY - 15% to 45% - ECONOMY

The extraordinary Fuel economy obtained with the new patent DEGORY NO-JET CARBURATOR is a universally triple have proved this to the hilt. universally recognised fact; complete and exhaustive trials have proved this to the hilt.

ACCELERATION, however, is a very essential feature in the functioning of a carburetter, and in this the "DEGORY" undeniably excels.

the "DEGORY" undeniably excels.

almost instantaneous of a flat spot has been entirely eliminated, and the engine, from idling, will pick up to the maximum number of revolutions.

The instantaneous of the throttle without the slightest hesitation. almost instantaneously on the complete opening of the throttle, without the slightest hesitation.

Motor Decorate Modern Engines.

The new patent DEGORY NO-JET CARBURATOR is equally suitable for all types of internal combustion engines without exception:

By fix Benzole, mixtures with Alcohol or Paraffin, can be used without any specially added device.

Power, not only will you can a more mile in Fuel Economy, but you will also obtain smoother and greater silkiness in running, more

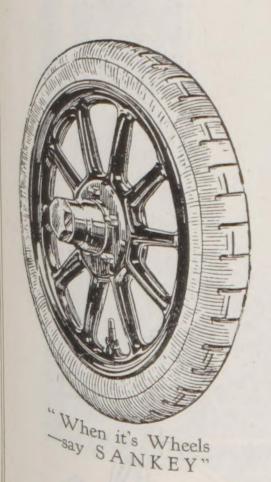
Vehicle, not only will you save money every mile in Fuel Economy, but you will also obtain smoother and greater silkiness in running, more quicker A will you save money every mile in fact an immense all-round improvement in the behaviour of your engine. Power, quicker Acceleration and Pick-up, and, in fact, an immense all-round improvement in the behaviour of your engine.

NO ISSUE OF THE POWER OF T

NO TROUBLE.

NO-JET CARBURATOR CO. (Section A 2) 93, MOORE PARK ROAD, FULHAM, LONDON, S.W.6

Write to-day for full particulars of our Unprecedented Offer of Free Fitting, Adjusting and Tuning, also handsome illustrated descriptive Booklet.



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The Sankey Wheel is tremendously strong and remarkably light for its strength

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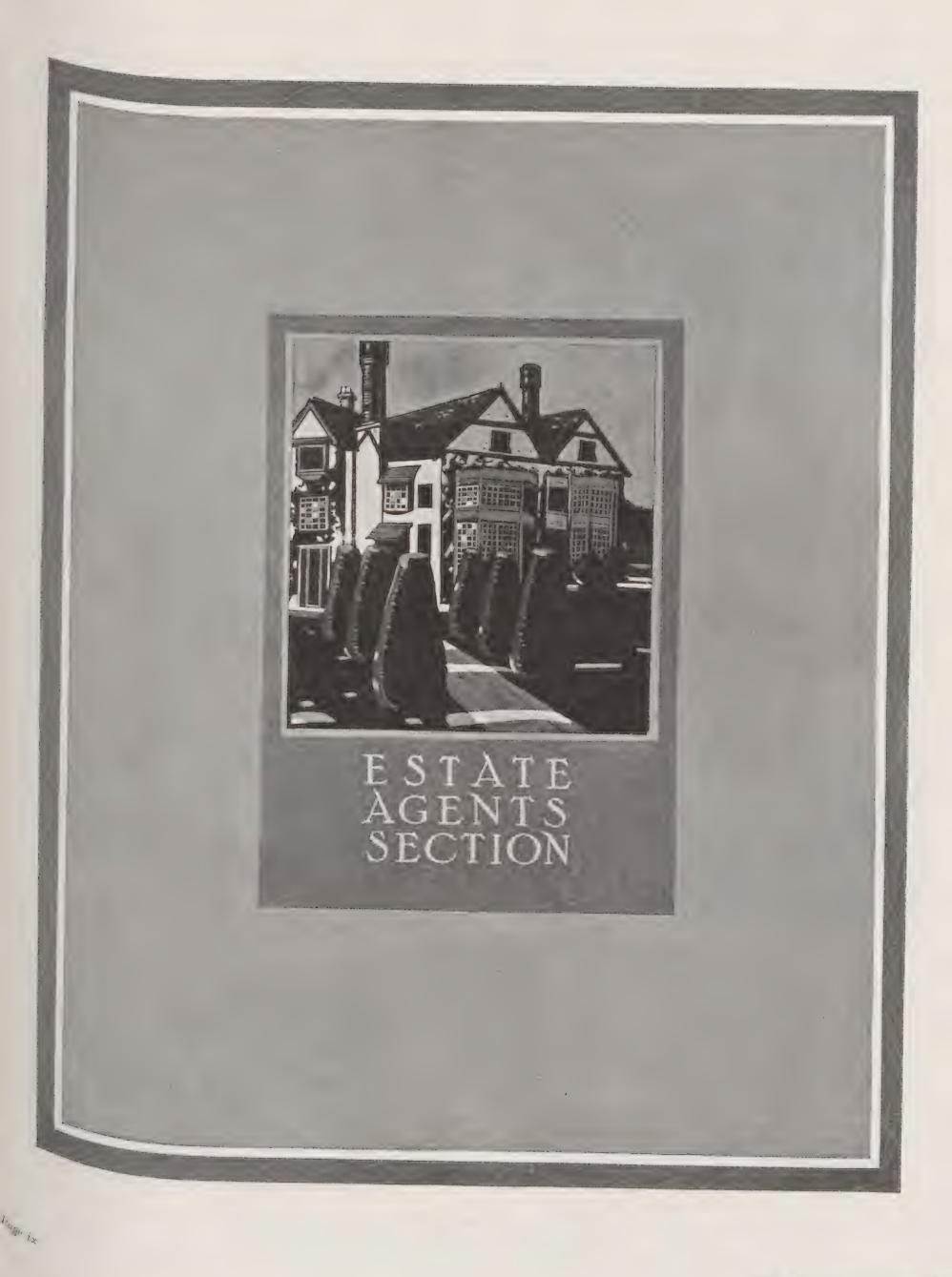
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The well-arranged accommodation includes hall, dining, billiard, and drawing rooms, bathroom, complete offices

VERY, CHOICE GROUNDS. RIVER FRONTAGE.

Forming in all quite one of the most desirable of the smaller Thames-side close to Windsor, and on the Thames at one of its prettiest and most interesting Full details of

HAMPTON AND SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1.

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Few minutes from station, with good service.

CHOICE MODERN RESIDENCE,

In convenient position on a wooded slope. Lounge hall, 3 good reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, and very complete offices, 2 bathrooms.

Electric light, gas and water laid on. Main drainage.

Matured grounds of about 3½ acres, nicely timbered; tennis court, orchard, kitchen garden, etc. Stabling, cottage, gravel soil.

The property is in good condition throughout, and can be recommended by the Agents: HAMPTON AND SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (S.24,734).





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Between Chalfont and Gerrards Cross. Golf course 15 minutes' walk. Nearly 400 feet high. Gravel soil.

An exceptionally attractive, small COUNTRY HOUSE, in good order, and containing anelled lounge hall, dining and drawing rooms. panelled lounge hall, dining and drawing rooms, 2 baths, 7 bedrooms, and offices; stabling, garage, and rooms for man

Electric light. Company's water. Modern drainage.

Gardens and grounds of about 6 acres, with tennis lawn, orchard, and pad:

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Glorious yet sheltered position on the hills at Woldingham. Light dry soil. 600 feet up.

FOR QUICK SALE, an exceptionally compact and well-appointed RESIDENCE, in capital order, and ideal for moderate household.

Hall, 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, etc., garage.

Gas and water laid on. Main drainage.

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Small astronomical observatory suitably fitted.

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A VALUABLE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE in a high and healthy rural district, handy for a main line station and golf, and only a short distance from London.

The handsome and exceptionally well-appointed modern Mansion stands in the centre of the Estate and is approached by two long drives, each with lodge at entrance. The well-arranged accommodation includes noble lounge hall 29 ft. 10 in. by 17 ft. 8 in., four reception rooms, billiard room, 20 bed and dressing rooms, three bathrooms, excellent offices, two staircases.

BEAUTIFUL OAK PANELLING. SPLENDID ORDER THROUGHOUT.

CENTRAL HEATING. ELECTRIC LIGHT. MAIN WATER.

DOWER HOUSE. THIRTEEN COTTAGES. STABLING. GARAGES.

VERY FINE MODEL HOME FARMBUILDINGS.

The ornamental gardens and grounds are most attractive and have been well kept up, the lovely lawns are shaded by rare specimen trees, productive walled kitchen gardens, well-timbered undulating park, woodland, arable and pasture; in all

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FOR SALE AS A WHOLE OR WOULD BE DIVIDED.

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A WEST COUNTRY SEAT OF UNIQUE CHARM

On high ground, in glorious country, enjoying magnificent views, convenient for several good Towns and villages, and having exceptional sporting and social advantages.

AN ORIGINAL HISTORICAL & PERFECTLY PRESERVED TUDOR MANOR HOUSE undoubtedly one of the most choice examples of Early English half-timbering now standing, in faultless repair and equipped with all modern conveniences, including Central Heating and Main Drainage.

Rich in Oak Panelling. Beamed and Panelled Ceilings.
Carved Stone and Oak Chimneypieces.

The well-arranged accommodation includes lounge halls, four reception rooms, 16 bed and dressing rooms, nursery, two bathrooms, exceptional domestic offices, stabling and garages.

A REMARKABLE FEATURE IS THE WONDERFUL OLD-WORLD GARDENS with their ancient clipped yew hedges, avenues and topiary work, mellowed stone terraces, Italian Garden with fountain, and undulating lawns interspersed with fine old specimen trees, well timbered Park, Home Farm, 10 farms let to old tenants, three villages and a large area of valuable Woodland, affording some of the finest shooting in the country.

FOR SALE WITH ANY AREA UP TO 2,340 ACRES.

Renowned Pheasant and Partridge Shooting. Hunting. Fishing. Golf

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In the centre of a beautiful stretch of well-wooded undulating country with good social and sporting amenities; some two miles from an old-world town with station; also within easy motoring distance of a main line station, whence London is reached in thirty-five minutes by express trains.

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A PICTURESQUE ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE,

erected some fifteen years ago, now mellowed, and almost indistinguishable from an original half-timbered Manor House, the charming characteristics of which have been skilfully incorporated with every modern convenience. Long carriage drive; south-west aspect; high altitude.

The accommodation includes fine oak-beamed and panelled lounge hall 27 ft. by 17 ft. 4 in., dining room 19 ft. by 15 ft., drawing room 19 ft. by 16 ft. 6 in., loggia, ample offices, seven bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, massive oak principal staircase, secondary staircase.

cetylene Gas. An Two Cottages.

Ample Water Supply.

ages. Stabling.

Modern Drainage.

Gara

Well-timbered grounds with charming ornamental gardens, tennis lawn, yew hedges, productive kitchen garden and park-like pasture; in all FIFTEEN-AND-A-HALF ACRES.

FOR SALE.

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Ready for immediate occupation. Low price of £6,000, or offer.

REALLY COMFORTABLE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

Occupying a delightful position, on high ground, commanding extensive thall, 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete offices. pany's water and gas, main drainage, telephone. Lodge, garage, stabling, main farmery, outbuildings.

BEAUTIFUL AND WELL TIMBERED PLEASURE GROUNDS.

Tennis, croquet, and other lawns, ornamental rock garden, herbaceous borders, pergolas, grass orchard, productive walled kitchen garden, and meadow land.

In all about 121 ACRES.

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AMERSHAM (Near)

550 ft. up. 25 miles from town.

INTERESTING FARMHOUSE-TYPED RESIDENCE

In splendid order, containing: Hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 5 bedrooms, bathroom and excellent offices. Company's water. Telephone, farmery, and outbuildings.

EXCEPTIONALLY DELIGHTFUL OLD-WORLD GROUNDS,

Well laid out, quite inexpensive to maintain, and including:

Tennis and croquet lawns, herbaceous borders, pergolas, formal gardens intersected by brick paths, and productive kitchen garden.

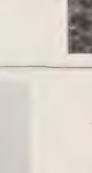
The gardens also contain great quantities of choice bulbs, also flowering shrubs and trees, and extend in all to about 2‡ acres.

VACANT POSSESSION. PRICE £3,500. OPEN TO OFFER.

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FRESH ON THE MARKET. By the order of the Executors.

FRINTON-ON-SEA (Near)

Reputed to be 300 years old. Full of old Oak.

EXTREMELY INTERESTING BLACK AND WHITE

TIMBERED RESIDENCE

in easy reach of stations, post offer the content of Within easy reach of stations, post office, etc., and within a few miles of the college Hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, and complete offices.

Excellent water supply.

VERY ATTRACELLED

VERY ATTRACTIVE PLEASURE GROUNDS,

Exceedingly well laid out, including lawns, Dutch garden, rockeries, borders, kitchen garden, large productive orchard, two paddocks, and mea

In all about 61 ACRES.

LOW PRICE FOR QUICK SALE, £2,000.

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HARRODS LD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.



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BETWEEN CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM-CLOSE TO ST. LEONARDS PARK.

DESIRABLE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

Containing hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, and excellent domestic offices. Company's water. Modern Drainage. Gas installed. Four Cottages.

Garage and outbuildings.

BEAUTIFULLY-MATURED PLEASURE GROUNDS

Include tennis, croquet, and other lawns, herbaceous borders, large productive kitchen garden, with glasshouses, grass orchards, and meadowland, in all about 5 ACRES.

LOW PRICE, £3,750 (OPEN TO OFFER).

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MIDDLESEX & HERTS (Borders of)

Close to two well-known golf courses and within easy reach of railway chation.

ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

Comprising 3 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and excellent domes offices, electric light and gas, company's water, main drainage; pleasure grounds, including tennis lawn, productive kitchen garden, covering area of about 1 ACRE.

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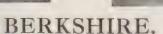
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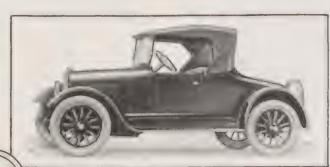
The largest single shipment of cars on record reached this country from the other side this week and were immediately conveyed to Hendon for assembling, testing, and distribution to the dealers of General Motors, to meet the ever-increasing demand for the products in this country.

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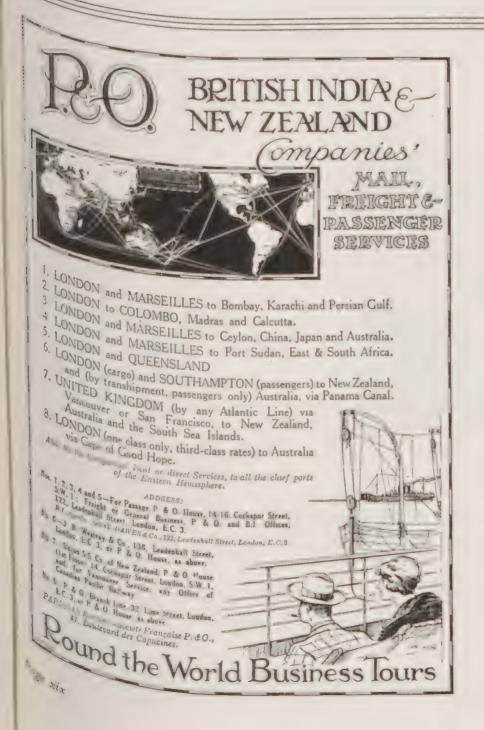
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Owner's Report:-

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THE MOTOR-OWNER



JUNE

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VOL. IV NO. 37

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The Éditor will be pleased to consider contributions of special interest to the car owner, provided they are of high quality and in every way suitable to the magazine. Short illustrated articles are preferred, dealing with any aspect of private motoring, either as regards touring or the home management of the car. First-class snapshots of roadside scenes or incidents are particularly desired. All photographs and sketches should be fully titled on the backs and bear the name and address of the sender.

Contributions should be addressed to the Editor of "The Motor-Owner," 10, Henrietta Street, W.C.2, and should be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope. While every effort will be made to return them if unsuitable, the Editor cannot hold himself responsible in case of loss or damage.

"Never ascribe to an opponent motives meaner than your own."







THE THINGS THAT COURAGE CAN DO.

Sun cleams in time of home that stirred the hears of millions.



THE things that courage can do!

"The things that even incompetency can do if it work with singleness of purpose!

"... One of the most valiant men that ever trod St. Andrews, Dr. Johnson, said that doubtless the Almighty could have created a finer fruit than the strawberry, but that doubtless also He never did. Doubtless, also, He could have provided us with better fun than hard work, but I don't know what it is. To be born poor is probably the next best thing.

"The greatest glory that ever came to me was to be swallowed up in London, not knowing a soul, with no means of subsistence, and the fun of working till the stars went out.

"... There was no food in the cupboard, so I didn't need to waste time in eating."

These words flashed like sun-gleams in daily papers which were gloomy with accounts of trade depression, abuse of politicians, of wasteful wars, and bank-ruptcy.

They must have stirred the hearts of millions.

"The things that courage can do!" They are words that quicken our pulses, and they were spoken by a man whom the world loves, by Sir James Barrie, the real Peter Pan who never grows old, and who has the magic which can make us laugh or cry. Surely no more inspiring speech has ever been made than that trumpet sounding Rectorial Address which should be printed in gold and read and re-read by every Englishman to-day.

"The things that courage can do!"

We needed that reminder, for surely we are now fighting enemies more dangerous than any we have defeated. We are fighting despondency and pessimism, gloomy thoughts of financial disaster, which are, perhaps, the aftermath of the fierce excitements when we had more tangible foes to face.

Sir James has sounded the right note. Despondency is cowardice. He told us of a letter written by Captain Scott in a tent in the Antarctic, a letter that thrills. Captain Scott wrote:—

"We are in a desperate state, feet frozen, etc., no fuel, and a long way from food, but it would do your heart good to be in our tent, to hear our songs and our cheery conversation. . . . Later. We are very near the end . . . we did intend to finish ourselves when things proved like this, but we have decided to die naturally without." So they sang their songs even as they saw the gaunt enemy approach. Theirs was the spirit expressed in Henley's heart-filling lines:—

"Under the bludgeonings of Chance My head is bloody but unbowed."

Very many men in England to-day are suffering the bludgeonings of Chance. Many to their honour are taking their punishment tight-lipped. But there are many who moan. It is these who grumble at things that are inevitable, and blame everybody but themselves for their troubles. Is business bad? Then the Government is entirely to blame. Is labour fractious? It is the d—d agitators. Are we drifting towards bankruptcy? What can you expect under the reign of tax-extracting tyrants?

So the storm of abuse rages, each grumbler blaming others, because that is such an easy way to account for his own failings, lack of initiative and courage.

It is such a cowardly game to play, this blaming of others for our own faults. That was what Sir James Barrie meant when he said: "I urge you not to use ugly names about anyone. In the war it was not the fighting men who were distinguished for abuse. As has been well said, 'Hell hath no fury like a non-combatant.' Never ascribe to an opponent motives meaner than your own."

Sir James Barrie addressed a youthful audience when he made what he called his first and last public appearance, and his words were intended chiefly for those in whose hands the future lies. But they should appeal even more powerfully to those who are in the full flush of manhood and who are struggling now with a thousand difficulties which demand an even higher form of courage than did war. There are plenty of heroes to-day in the world of business, but there are many others of the type which Americans describe contemptuously as "quitters."

Those who travel much about Great Britain to-day, and who see behind the scenes in any of our great industries such as that of motor engineering and the many ramifications of the allied interests, see very clearly "the things that courage will do."

In some big firms they find the happy spirit that compels prosperity whether times be good or bad. In these there are no labour troubles, because every worker toils happily. Every man is as loyal to his chiefs in peace-time as he was to his country in war. He knows that those who guide the destinies of his firm are not quitters. Times may be bad, taxation may



THE THINGS THAT COURAGE CAN DO.

Tight-lipped men too busy to talk; workers too contented to strike.



be ruinous, money short, and the cost of living high, but these men do not whine. There is no talk in these firms of ceasing the struggle until it becomes less fierce. They know that the fight must be made now, now, not to-morrow; now, while success is only to be gained by high-spirited determination. Those who give up the struggle to-day—the quittersare traitors. Every man who uses the excuse of bad times for slackening his efforts, and who says that he will wait for better days before he ventures on an enterprise, is making the world more difficult for others. Unemployment breeds un-employment. Slackness in one industry means slackness in many. Every man who has his back to the wall, and who is animated by the will to win, is a hero to-day.

Thank God, we have many such heroes, and many firms in which we find the same spirit as that which made those very gallant gentlemen with Captain Scott sing even while they were freezing and starving. We hear but little of these starving. We hear but here of the firms. The men do not strike, and the firms. The men do not strike, and the heads do not moan about bad business which necessitates the cutting down of staffs, and the relaxation of effort. The heads are tight-lipped men who are fighting their way through all difficulties, and they are too busy to talk, difficulty is regarded as a spur to fresh effort, as an incentive to greater enterprise-not as an insuperable obstacle but as a driving force which compels them to branch out into yet further activity. And right well do we know how trouble has followed trouble in the motor industry during the post-war period. We make no effort to belittle the almost insurmountable difficulties.

Such men are they who fight best when the odds against them are heaviest. They are the men we want to-day. Some day they may relax, but it will be when the battle has been won, and then the non-combatants who are slacking now, waiting for the victory which is to make life easy for them, will find that the fighters have won places for themselves which they are not prepared to yield.

We may well thank Heaven that there are many such men who know "the things that courage can do." They are coolheaded, for coolness is the essence of courage. They can adapt themselves to changing circumstances. If business is bad in one direction they branch out bravely

in another. If home markets are dull, they seek foreign ones; if there is no demand for the goods they have, they make the goods which a world which is less wealthy

than formerly now finds that it needs. They do not rest. If it is more difficult to sell articles than it was in former times, they make greater efforts, for they know that now is the time to show enterprise, now the time when the good men can climb over the heads of those who were softened by too easily won prosperity in the fat years, and lack manhood to face the lean ones.

Those who see much of our industrial organisations in many parts of the country realise these things, but there are others who hear only the moans and the whinings of the quitters. It is the grouser who gets into the spot-light on the stage, the man who makes a song about his troubles and would have us believe that every day and in every way the world gets worser and worser. These are the traitors upon whom Sir James Barrie discharges his scorn, and against whom he warns us in his inspiring speech on courage. The world is not getting worse, but better in spite of all that pessimists and "Gloomy Deans may say. It is growing better because of the very difficulties that assail it, and because out of the welter of troubles there are arising strong men who have been hardened by adversity.

Turn to these words again: "... The greatest glory that ever came to me was to be swallowed up in London, not knowing a soul, with no means of subsistence, and the fun of working till the stars went out... There was no food in the cupboard, so I didn't need to waste time in eating."

They were spoken in no spirit of boastfulness by the man who is honoured to-day by the world, who is loved, because his cheerful messages, which show that he has faith in his kind, have reached millions. Let no one think that the man of letters is less a fighter than he who is often wrongly called a man of action. There can be no more heart breaking struggle than that of the man who has known hunger and toil "till the stars went out," while he strove for recognition in the most difficult of all the arts.

Sir James faced the lean years, and won through to such fame and fortune as comes to few, and no man in the world to-day is better qualified to speak courage, and to give us the message we

needed.
"The things that courage will do!
The things that courage will do!"

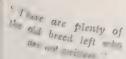
There is another phrase in his speech that is particularly beautiful. Sir James quoted:

"God gave us memory so that we might have roses in December."





THINGS THAT COURAGE CAN DO. THE





It is a haunting phrase expressing a noble thought. In these days darkened by much discontent and many real difficulties we may be grateful for memory, which, by showing us what courage has achieved in the past, helps us to place faith in what it will do for us in the

"Let us quote again:

"There was an officer who was the first of our Army to land at Gallipoli. He was dropped overboard to light decoys on the shore so as to deceive the Turks as to where the landing was to be. He pushed a raft containing these in front of him. It was a frosty night, and he was naked, and painted black. Firing from the ships was going on all around.

"It was a two hours' swim in pitch

darkness. He did it, crashed through the scrub to listen to the talk of the enemy who were so near that he could have shaken hands with them, lit his decoys, and swam back. He is a V.C. now.

It is hard to believe it, but that officer belongs to the same race as those who would tell us that Great Britain's days of prosperity are over, that our present difficulties of peace-time are greater than we can face, that we are on the verge of bankruptcy and revolution.

We do not believe them. Don't believe them. There are plenty of the old breed left who are not quitters, and are showing us every day by examples of enterprise and hard work that there are heroes of peace as well as of war. Sir James knows this, and that is why he quoted:

"' Fight on, my men,' says Sir Barton,
' I am hurt, but I am not slaine. I'll lie me down and bleed awhile, And then I'll rise and fight againe.' "







MEETING. THE FIRST ROYAL MOTOR RACE

Perfect Weather and Excellent Sport at Brooklands justify the Essex M.C.'s experiment.

AVOURED with perfect weather, the Essex Motor Club's Royal Motor race meet-AVOURED ing at Brooklands on May 20th was a complete success, and the two charitable institutions selected by the Duke of York—the Middlesex Hospital and the Industrial Welfare Societywill benefit considerably from the proceeds of the meeting.

While the "gate" was not a record one, many thousands of people witnessed the fine sport that was provided; likewise, the racing passed off without a serious mishap, although at one time the passage of the official ambulance up the finishing straight suggested all kinds of dire possibilities to the on-

His Royal Highness the Duke of York, with the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice, arrived at Brooklands at 3 o'clock just as the Duke of York Handicap was being decided, and the Duke witnessed the race from the Stewards' Tower in the Paddock. Later, His Royal Highness drove down to the Fork in his Armstrong-Siddeley, and at the close of the day's sport presented the specially-designed gold, silver and bronze medals to the winners.

Although the racing, and particularly the finishes, were of a high standard throughout, it was a little disappointing that Count Zborowski's huge Chitty-Bang-Bang and Lee Guinness's 12-cylinder Sunbeam both suffered tyre trouble in the one race for which they were entered and were forced to retire. A puncture sustained at well over 100 miles an hour is not quite the trivial matter that it is at touring speeds, and apart from the difficulty of holding the car on its course, the cover is little likely to be of any further service. As a matter of fact, a mild sensation was caused by the sight of the damaged tyre on Chitty-Bang-Bang flying into a thousand pieces as the car drew level with the Members' enclosure.

The outstanding figure of the day was undoubtedly Major H. O. D. Seagrave, the winner of the 200 Miles Race last October, who made his six-cylinder Sunbeam perform seeming miracles. In the last lap of the Earl of Athlone Lightning Long Handicap, the most spectacular race of the day, the Sunbeam was as usual the scratch car, conceding four seconds to Count Zborowski's 8-cylinder Ballot, and 20 seconds to Mr. H. W. Cook's car of the same make and type. Until half way through the final lap the leaders were the Count and Seagrave, and it appeared to the spectators that the Ballot was an inevitable winner by several lengths. As the two cars approached the aviation sheds, however, the Sunbeam seemed to be slightly decreasing the Ballot's lead. The cars disappeared behind the sheds momentarily; when they emerged, Seagrave was leading by about the same distance that he had previously been behind. This lead he maintained, eventually winning, at an average speed of over 109 miles an hour, by three lengths.

The last race of the day was almost equally interesting, especially in view of the fact that it was won by Miss Ivy Cummings, the daughter of the Essex Motor Club's President, on a



A characteristic study of the imperturbable Count Zborowski, one of the outstanding figures at the Royal Meeting.

four-cylinder Sunbeam, by something like half a mil like half a mile.

Some good speeds and exciting racing were witnessed in the Earl of Athlone Light Athlone Lightning Handicap, in spite of the retirement of the retirement of the two monsters, Chitty-Bang B. Chitty-Bang-Bang and the big Sunbeam. The race was won in a par-ticularly eportion ticularly sporting finish by Mr. H. W. Cook, and his eight-cylinder by about three lengths from Mr. P. Rampon's Fiet Rampon's Fiat, with Mr. J. G. P. Thomas's eight-cylinder Leyland third.

That handise

That handicapping has reached a eart—has been a reached fine art—has become, speaking generally, an exact ally, an exact science—was proved by the victory of the the victory of the scratch car, Mr. S. F. Edge's A.C., driven by the Hon. V. A. Edge's A.C., driven by the Hon. Bruce, in the Essex Junior Handicap.
The Aston Martin The Aston Martin, driven by Mr. 10 Kensington Moir, which received secs., was second; and Major Oates's Lagonda (28 secs.) third

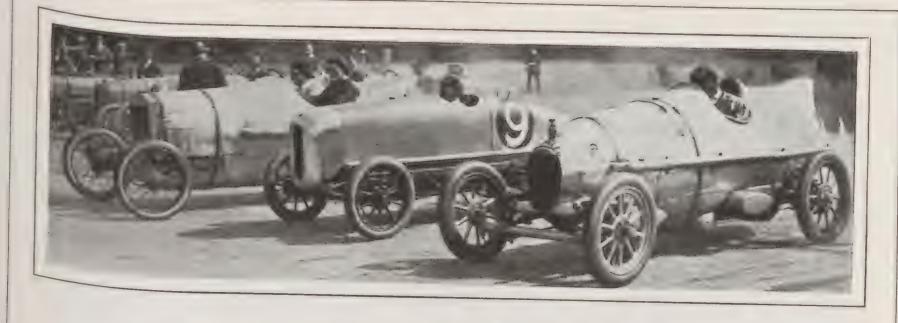
The Essex Junior Long Handical Little in an interest of the Handical Handic resulted in an easy win for Mr. E. Gordon England's A.B.C., although there was an exciting tussle for second place. Moir, on the Aston gained the position, with Lagonda third.

Particular interest attached to that of the motor cycle races in H.R.H. the Duke of York had entered a machine in coch a parallas in the a machine in each—a Douglas in the Duke of Von Duke of York 3-lap Junior Handicap, and a Trum and a Trump-Anzani in the Seni.
Handicap Handicap. In both cases the racing of the Duke's car rode the racing machines but I machines, but he was not successful obtaining a place, although in bigger event he reached a speed 75 miles per borres the railway 95 miles per hour on the railway

There were three motor cycle races, the third in the third of which motor cycle rate with side cars competed with although and four-wheeled cycle cars. Captain Nash's speedy G.N. was scratch car, and the captain t scratch car, and the entrants included a Salmson and a Salmson and a Morgan three-wheeler, the race results. the race resulted in a sensational vin for Mr. I D Divin for Mr. I. P. Riddoch, whose Blackburne romand its alead Blackburne romped home a mile ahead of the field



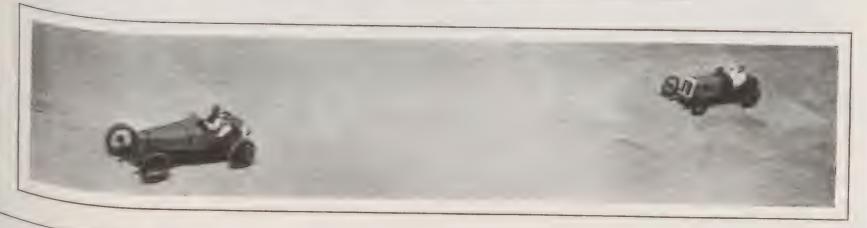
A PICTURE OF A GREAT FIGHT.



H.R.H. the Duke of York chats with Col. Lindsav Lloyd (on right). Above, Junior Long Handicap.



Below: A hard fight between Count Zborowski on the 8-cylinder Ballot and Seagrave on the 6-cylinder Sunbeam. Seagrave caught the Count with a wonderful burst of speed, and won.





SOCIAL CELEBRITIES ENJOY THE



Mrs. Hubert Loder, daughter of Mr. Charles McNeil and the late Lady Hilda McNeil, taken at Discone House, Bruton, Somerset. (Phoio. by Miss Compton Collier.)

-CHARMS OF THEIR COUNTRY HOMES.



Miss Daphne Metcalfe with her pals, Mickey and Tiny—as her dog and cat are respectively named—basks in rural surroundings.

(Photo. by Miss Compton Collier.)

COURAGE!

By Lieut.-Col. J. A. Cole, O.B.E., President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders.

THE period of transition from war to peace conditions has been undoubtedly one of difficulty. Following closely on the heels of the Armistice came a certain stagnation of trade generally; whilst the re-action of war on the community appeared to be such that the huge task of reconstruction was impeded by a certain amount of weariness—or, shall we say, feebleness-engendered by the war.

The purchasing power of the sove reign diminished as the costs of commodities soared; pessimists were rampant, whilst genial but level-headed optimists were ridiculed for even daring to suggest that, from out of the ruins of the upheaval, prosperity such as never before had been enjoyed might arise.

Whilst it cannot be claimed that such pleasant conditions have yet materialised, it is sufficient to sayand there is abundant proof—that we are approaching the horizon sighted by the 1919 optimists, leaving far away behind the gloom with which the immediate post-war pessimists endeavoured to envelop us.

Speaking in regard to the motor industry alone, the set-backs it has been compelled to face during its change-over from the manufacture of war necessities to peace time productions have been not exactly negligible. They can be, in fact, best described as interruptions of a serious but transitory nature. First of all came the much regretted moulders' strike within twelve months of the Armistice being signed, and just as we were making good the time lost consequent to this prolonged strike, we were called upon to face the coal strike of 1921. These misfortunes were responsible for an appreciable hindrance in motor car construction, and the failure of British firms to deliver the goods in time resulted in a further increase in foreign car importation to meet a waiting market; but it is worthy of note that many car owners have since that time disposed of such makes in

favour of British productions; and where such changes have been deemed justified by members of the motoring public, the fact receives undoubted emphasis that British "individual-attention" policy is becoming more and more appreciated by the discerning motorist as compared with the foreign "mass production" method. The latter never has been, and never can be, a success if the owner-driver's requirements are to be recognised and fully provided for. The difference exists in "service and out-and-out reliability." These words sum up British car characteristics exactly, and represent the first essentials in the interests of motoring pleasure and transport.

So many important developments have taken place in recent history, all of which have assisted materially in augmenting the motor manufacturing capacity of this country, that it is impossible to recount them all or to enter into detailed descriptions, but a visit to any of the motor trade centres and a walk through the well-



Lt.-Col. J. A. Cole, O.B.E.. the new President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, and Chairman of Humber, Ltd.

equipped modernised factories with convince one that the British motor industry, despite its post-war setbacks, has forged ahead, and really our achievements in attaining a nearer perfection in motor car construction during the past four years are now universally familiar.

All that is wanted by members of the motor industry and those who possess vital interests in its progress, is "Courage"—" real intrepidity. There is no room whatever for pessimism mism. Pessimism is cowardice. timism is cowardice. timism is cowardice, and we all should be ontimisted. be optimists in the motor industry. How can we fail to be? Even the present unbertally present unhappy engineering dispute has failed to shake our belief in the prosperity which lies ahead of all concerned.

Set-backs of one sort or another must inevitably occur, but our its dustry is never disheartened and its prestige is as high to-day as it ever has been. Let us look forward, if only to the extent of four years, and if, at the end of the four years, if, at the end of that period, motoring progress has made strides of the same import as the same important as t import as those which were placed to its credit during the past four years we shall be any we shall be very pleased with our efforts, and happy in the rendering all our thanks to "Courage" and that the word indicates Courage will that the word indicates. Courage is carry us through, but it must courage emanating from a since determination to put the best of our determination to put the best of our endeavours at the disposal of the industry for the benefit of its advancement and consequent general prosperity.

BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY BOOKS

The spirit of the Summer holiday season is already with us. Most people, have indeed, and all wise motorists have already modern already made their plan of campaign, and it will be and it will be good news to them that many beautiful books in colour, dealing more especially more especially with beauty spots at home and all home and abroad, issued by Messrs.

A. & C. Block A. & C. Black, are still in print, and others are reprinting, and that new and revised edition revised editions of others are in hand.



MY MOST THRILLING MOTORING EXPERIENCE.

Mrs. Rosita Forbes's Desert Journey Through the Land of Rocks, Sand and Palm Trees.

Mrs. Rosita Forbes, whose desert journey was the sensation of last year, to realise that she could accomplish and endure so much. At first sight she appears even frail. But of more than middle height, her slimness conveys the impression of fitness and alertness which often goes with a physique such as hers.

I had not been talking long with her, in her London home, ere I saw that the desert and the call of the Middle East had laid its spell upon her, and that, as she afterwards told me, she was more interested in the Politics and future of that restless region than in anything else.

The Sudan to most English people is a no-man's land, and only vague memories of Gordon's connection with

it flit through the mind of the man in the street when it is mentioned. But, as Mrs. Rosita Forbes told me, there are two Sudans. The one where Government officials pass their time somewhat distressfully, with a temperature mostly above 100 in the shade and with only gossip and big game hunting to while away the time; the other the Sudan beyond, with the lure which hangs about the comparatively unexplored and unsurveyed. A country of waterless sand, with here and there great khors and sun-burnt thickets of thorny mimosa scrub, extending eastward from Wad Medeni, situated some hundred miles south of Khartoum on the Blue Nile, to the mountainous borders of Eritrea.

Rosita Forbes, "into which I decided to go, there runs an ancient caravan track, along which from the time when the world was young has been borne the scanty commerce of the scattered tribes, to palm-environed Kassala, nestling beneath the shadow of strange hills, right to the borders of Italian Abyssinia, and thence

by narrow, deeply plunging mountain tracks along a broken trail uniting the great river of the Sudan and Massawa, Eritrea's port on the Red Sea."

Along this trail one meets little else save camels with their burdens of hides and doura. A few touring cars from Khartoum have picked their way a short distance eastward, at first to the astonishment of the fuzzy-headed natives.

Motoring in the untamed desert crossed by Mrs. Rosita Forbes, and motoring in the desert as indulged in by tourists in Cairo or even outside Khartoum, is a very different thing.

"My car," explained the famous lady traveller, with a smile, "was a 30 h.p. Fiat lorry, which, when loaded up, carried a ton and a half of stores, petrol, water, bedding, and other

impedimenta of a camp outfit. One of the great difficulties was, of course, water. We had to carry comparatively large quantities, as the radiator, with a temperature averaging well over roo degrees in the shade, needed refilling about every hour. Petrol is another difficulty. That purchasable in the Sudan is very bad; and soon fouls the carburetter. The oil is reduced by the heat to the thinnest possible liquid, and is indeed of little use to over-heated engines.

"People told me, of course, that I was mad to attempt the journey.

"There was little in it, it was true enough, to attract other than its absolute novelty, and the appeal that it makes to the spirit of adventure."

The start was in March. The day one of blazing sun. The Nile had to

be forded near Wad Medeni. Scarlet-flowered pepper trees seemed to shout at the traveller, and every patch of green of the mudiria gardens was welcome to the eve.

There were numbers to see the adventurers off. Groups of women in narrow dark blue cotton robes, with heavily studded rings in their noses, and the characteristic sun-baked clay water-pots grace-fully balanced on their heads. Nearby the lorry stood a handful of Sudanese soldiers with coalblack faces in sharp contrast with their white uniforms. They evidently regarded the proceedings as madness. In fact, one caught murmurs that made it clear to one that this was so. A bearded sheik, immobile as a prophet of old, sat on a white donkey, and also watched the preparations.

"Fifty natives were engaged," explained Mrs. Rosita Forbes, "in dragging the lorry across the half a mile of sand, which separated the river now shrunken from the bank to which it would rise in flood. It was slow work. It took a day, even with the aid of steel nets and planks to prevent the



Mrs. Rosita Forbes in her London home.



lorry sinking deeper than could be helped in the sand."

At last, just as the sun was setting and the purple haze was spreading over the cacti and thorn bushes, the lorry was free to start away into the desert on its nearly 700 miles journey. Not a long distance, but a considerable undertaking when there is no road and many pitfalls and dangers

Soon trouble came along, for the night was moonless, and there were many diverging tracks to confuse. There came a faint beating of drums from a hidden

village of beehive-looking huts. A little while, and a small crowd of naked children came cautiously out to peer half-frightened at the panting monster they had never seen before. Then the Sheik arrived and offered his services. The lorry started again, but not for long. It put itself to bed in a sand bank!

The "adventurous owner" had early learned a useful Arabic sentence. "I must have used it hundreds of times on the journey," she said, "with varying degrees of annoyance and frantic appeal. It was 'Send many men at once to push the automobile." It was the most useful collection of words one could have for a desert journey, as I was soon to discover."

Leaving the lorry in the sand, the adventurers turned in for the night. Fighting the desert with a Fiat was exhausting work. They did not even attempt to light a fire. If hyenas were around then surely so strange an object as a motor lorry would keep them interested.

On the red sand trail taken next morning there were thrilling moments. Many a time the lorry stuck; at others it threatened to telescope itself. The scrub through which the Fiat passed was desolate enough to take the heart out of all save desert folk; but now and then a touch of life was lent to the scene by flocks of immense grey cranes, which allowed quite close approach ere taking alarm and flight with slowly flapping wings.

There are no inns in the desert to serve the shambling camel caravans, and motorists must therefore mostly be content to sleep at "the hotel of the beautiful star" (as the French poetically describe the lodgment of



The Kassala Mountains.

the homeless sleeping in the open air), unless a rest house in the form of a mushroom-roofed hut offers.

One night, or rather the early morning, with a waning moon flooding the desert with silver light, the adventurous lady traveller, who was sleeping in her flea-bag in a rut near the lorry, nearly met with disaster. She woke suddenly about 3 a.m. to see a large camel caravan bearing down upon her. The camels had swerved round the corner of the lorry to avoid it.

This is what happened, in Mrs. Rosita Forbes's own words: "One amazing and incredibly agile spring



A camp under the palms on the road to Gedaref.

landed me and my flea-bag in a complicated heap on the ground, for it is not easy to extricate oneself from a flea-bag at a moment's notice, and the first camel almost had his huge foot upon me ere I startle him into a consciousness of my existence. It was a narrow shave. There would not have been much 'adventurous lady' left to continue the journey after he had trodden on me.

"The drivers were, of course, far behind, midding half asleep upon the top of their beasts, so a derfully exciting seem

began to unfold itself. There I, a shivering and, let me admit a somewhat scared, figure in pyjamain the midst of a welter of cannel which, roped together, had com menced to tie themselves up in th most inextricable of knots, to my extreme danger. Shouting appeals for rescue in primitive Arabic, I knelt in the sand amid the wreckage of my camp equipment and other possessions, awaiting the end. It was not nice to contemplate being trodden into a jelly on the second night of my fascinating journey. I knew I could not look nic. in such a death!

"At last the Arab caravan folk awoke to a sense of the danger of the situation, and I was rescued. Sandy dishevelled, breathless, and conscious only that I was destined still to pursue the journey I had planned so long."

the journey I had planned so long."
There was something singularly incongruous in the Fiat lorry and the desert. The latter, roadless in usually accepted sense of the word, stretched away in front of the adventurers, flat, sun-scorched, with here and there an oasis or wells, such as the note: "water holes" at Fau, which Mrs. Rosita Forbes was so indescribably glad to see, and with sometimes rugged hills cropping, as it were, out of the sand, which had to be crossed or driven through over tracks—for there were no roads till near the end of the journey—which would make the ordinary motorich nary motorist rub his eyes in astonishment and regard with apprehension.

The camel caravans, of which many were met with, if large usually travel at night. They do not start on their journey until moon-rise. They travel at the desperate speed of about three miles an hour, and keep this up for five or six hours on end, sometimes all the

night through, and they camp between nine a.m. and four p.m., during which time no one travels if he can help it, as the desert is an inferno of heat and blinding sunshine.

One often meets with caravan folk at intervals along the caravan routes sheltering from the sun leneath straw mats spread across a thorn tree, or, if nothing of the sort is available, across the pack saddles piled in heaps; while the camels, inured to heat and sun, pass the time in nuzzling around for any stray herbage, however.

however sun-scorched, they can find.

And so, pushing forward towards be found beds and even clean sheets in place of flea-bags and desert sand—the fiat and its human load pressed on its journey in the night. The track was about as bad as it could be. It was full of the most appalling ruts, and the sturdy motor lorry would either collapse or "turn turtle"!

Between Gedaref and Mogatta lies fifty miles of waterless waste. The But Mrs. Rosita Forbes and her Fiat went through until the rest-house above the river at Mogatta was reached. "A rest-house from which one can hear the awe-inspiring roar of hight—not the safely caged beast, who holds one's life at his pleasure should he be curious enough to visit one's camp."

The track to Kassala was not an improving one, much the reverse, and sometimes the trail was altogether lost. The lorry plunged down into immense holes full of sand, which caused the mount of sand, which caused the motorists' hearts, even though by this Ima accustomed to many vicissitudes, to come up into their mouths. At last they came to a river ford. How delicious the water was. It was actually blue, and not muddy or brackish. With Kassala mountain glowing in the dim distance they pressed on. But they Were not destined to enter what Mrs. Rosita Forbes describes as "the prettiest native town I know" in state. That is to say, in the famous Fiat. The latter spent the night hopelessly stuck in the sandy bed of the Cash. They had been lucky not to fall into one of



The Sûk, a desert market.

the many deep water holes dug in the bed of the river. Natives shouldered the luggage, and the party walked solemnly into the little town.

The Sûk at Kassala is a picturesque spot, where all the tribes of three countries meet to barter doura and camels, hides and cotton stuffs, and the vivid coloured beads which are the fashion in Abyssinia, where, as in Paris and London, the fashion changes, and thus beads vary with it in size, shape and colouring.

And so in due time—which was after many days of adventure, heat and sand—the party reached the hill town of



The water-holes in the desert at Fau.

Asmara, at that season with restful vivid green stretches of coarse grass—how welcome after desert wastes of sand—starred with millions of red and golden flowers.

It was on the latter stage of the road to the goal of Asmara that perhaps the most thrilling episode of the trip occurred.

The lorry had crossed the Barca and swept across soft—too soft—sand, and was following the winding river to the shade of a grove of Corobel trees, whose huge reddish trunks made a wonderful contrast

to grey-green feathery foliage. The road became suddenly dangerous. "We clung," Mrs. Rosita Forbes told me, "for our lives to cracking bar and plank as we switchbacked over an impossible track, expecting the end to come at any moment; round sides of sharp hills, ever growing higher, to Dorotai, where another river and its hidden, though known, dangers made us hold our breath and murmur Inshallah."

And in this fashion was the adventurous journey ended, and from the desert and the sown, from the vista of the Abyssinian mountains, "the most lovely and the most varied ranges in the world, so clear that on the infinitely remote horizon one can note every tone of light and colour on a thousand peaks," the "adventurous lady" in the famous Fiat, who was the first woman to accomplish so much of desert travel by lorry has returned to the crowded bustle of London.

It is but for a time, however, for Mrs. Rosita Forbes told me she already feels the East calling again. And not even such a successful novel as her "The Jewel in the Lotus," which is filled in its latter chapters with the light and colour of the East and glamour of the desert can hold her from fresh wanderings in the open spaces that she loves so well.

She leaves upon one an indelible impression of vitality and adventuring that is amazingly refreshing in these times, which are drab and still warsoiled, and lacking the thrill and absorption that in some measure redeemed the sufferings and stress of the years of war.

CLIVE HOLLAND.



HOW TO PLAY A LOVE GAME.

Some Entirely Unreliable Advice for Young Lawn Tennis Players.

By Captain P. A. Barron.

AWN tennis is often called "tennis" because it has no resemblance to that ancient physical exercise by which the nobility of the Middle Ages kept themselves fit when things in the Crusading line were slack. The name is supposed to have been derived from tenez, the French equivalent of "Take that," used by a player when he hurled a heavy ball at an opponent whom he wished to destroy.

In the early days the antagonists defended themselves from the ball with their hands, upon which they were allowed to wear gloves. Later, strings were stretched across the palms of the

gloves, and, after many generations had suffered, it occurred to some soft-handed genius that the contest might be waged with greater comfort if the strings were stretched across a bat or racket.

Enclosed courts were invented to prevent the contestants seeking escape when the game became too severe. They appear to have served the same purpose as the ring in boxing. It appears probable that the earliest courts were kitchens or sculleries, and consequently the rules of the game became complicated. A player, for example, had to cause the ball to strike the wall just above the plate rack, and his opponent had to receive it on the rebound and hit it to a point above an imaginary line between the sink and the dresser with such force that it would bounce back and strike the first player, who would then be "out."

The modern tennis court has various artificial bunkers and lines, and it is rumoured that a few people have succeeded in memorising the rules, but it is said that the mental strain unfits them for any other occupation.

Lawn tennis, on the contrary, is a simple game of recent origin, and it must not be confused with

tennis. It is played on grass or on public courts.

These public courts are laid out by town councils at the expense of ratepayers, who are charged about 2s. an hour to play upon their own property. The charge was formerly 1s. 6d., but it has been increased owing to Governmental waste and the rise of miners' wages.

Public courts are composed of bare earth, in which a few dandelion and daisy roots are planted. Each court has a low net crossing its centre, and higher nets all round. The average player on a public court endeavours to propel a ball over the low net. If

he succeeds in doing this, his opponent, if a lady, gives a small scream and a mighty swipe which sends the hall over the high net into the next court. Both players then shout "Thank you, and play is suspended until the players in the adjacent court stop their own game and return the ball. In this manner the sport proceeds until the court keeper, or courtier, says that time is up and another 2s. is due.

In lawn tennis clubs the procedure is slightly different. In these selections the ordinary members, beautifully arrayed in white flannel or cool linen, group themselves picturesquely round courts which early

in the summer often have a slightly greenish tinge. In these pleasars circumstances they are able to chas with other members while they watch the secretary, the committee, and guests of the committee playing exhibition games for their benefit. In this manner the ordinary members pass the afternoon happily until tea time, after which they return to their own homes and play pat-ball on their private lawns for the sake of exercise

Subscriptions to the best lawn tennis clubs are rather heavy, and committees, who sometimefind that crowds of spectators put them off their game, seek to discourage new members by charging big entrance fees. Some clubs insist that the proposer as seconder of a candidate should not be of lower rank than town councillor or O.B.E., and often the candidate has to prove that his infirmities his infirmities make it impossible for him to claim the use of a court. If elected, he may use limited amount of the club note paper, may subscribe to funds for the purchase of the purchase o the purchase of silver cups for the committee and their friends, and wear a blazer bearing the initials of the club.

To maintain the prestige of British sport it is necessary to



·nub antil they cease to exhibit their awkwardness in public. They must have to understand that if they have misspent their early years by wasting time and thought on their professions, they are not worthy to

iate with the élite. Lawn tennis must not be regarded. as a pastime, but as a career. great players began in infancy, when they leavers began in infancy, when they learnt that a baby's rattle makes a fine that a baby's rattle makes a fine racket and a broken teat a bawl. They have played through childhood, youth, and the age of indiscretion when the when they began to score love matches in the in the mixed doubles, until they were caught in the net. They continue to play before the fashionable world at Nice, Cannes, Monte Carlo, or any of the pleasant springtime resorts at which Prime Ministers hold conferences when chilly England is really not a land fit for heroes. They make up challenging the challenge of the challen challenging teams to visit Australia, and continue their tours over leagues of ocean until they reach the dry land known as America. In this dreamland where I is where Liberty is still a dream they defeat defeat doughty and droughty

champions, and then return from Dreamland's ice cream fountains To India Pale Ale brand,

and spend the pleasant summer months in England collecting silver trophies, winning championships at Wind at Wimbledon, and remonstrating with photowith editors who publish photographs of them in extremely unbecoming attitudes.

Naturally, there are many aspirants to the ideal life of the first-class player of lawn tennis. We do not wish to raise false hopes in the minds of beginners, but would point out that much may be learned by following intelligence learned by following intelligent and helpful advice. We therefore append a few players given recently to youthful

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—Is backhand smashing of a lob more scientific than killing killing with a forehand screw stroke, supposing one player to be left-hand player dumb? left-handed and the other dumb?

Answer.—No. Cut it to leg, or leave it in baulk.

1, the Editor.

D_{EAR} S_{IR}, — Please describe the method of scoring at tennis REGINNER.

Answer.—Impossible, as so much depends upon your opponents' knowledge of the game. The usual scores are: "Fault-double-love, fifteen. Fault — let — double — love, thirty. Fault-sorry, partner-love, forty—played, partner—oh, bad luck! -game."

If you memorise this formula thoroughly, it will serve your purpose this season. Your opponents will score for themselves.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—A few evenings ago I was watching the disgusting and immodest game of lawn tennis which my youngest niece, aged 9 years, was Although there were men playing. present, she was constantly calling out the dreadful word "love" without a blush. Can nothing be done to stop the pollution of what were once the innocent minds of youth?

VICTORIAN SPINSTER.

Answer.—We suggest that you should begin the good work by preparing your own mind. Consult vacuum cleaner advertisements.

"Every day and in every way my service gets harder and harder."

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—Can you tell me the quickest way to attain proficiency in lawn tennis? I am not young, but am hale and hearty, and would like to play at Wimbledon before I die.

THREE-SCORE-AND-TEN.

Answer.—With pleasure. Borrow a racket, the strings of which should be somewhat tighter than those of a net used for shrimping. Steal a ball and alter the initials marked upon it with ink. Then select a suitable garden wall and hit the ball towards it with all your strength. As it rebounds try to strike it again, and continue to practise in this manner for three years before you enter a public court. Confine yourself to a diet of nuts, bananas, and milk. Do not smoke, and read only handbooks on the game. Study your stance, and try all the different grips employed by the best players. We believe that the Wimbledon grounds are held on a very long lease, so we wish you luck.

DEAR SIR,—I think more should be known about the amazing results of Couéism when the science of auto-suggestion is applied to lawn tennis. Since I studied this entrancing subject I find myself shouting as I caper about the court: "Every day my methods of play are getting better and better." I vary this by bawling at my opponents: "Every day in every way my service gets harder and harder," or "I'm getting so gay for every day my play's growing faster and faster.

By constantly singing while I play I have improved my wind, and have so disconcerted other members of my club that they have asked me to resign-clear evidence that they fear me.

MENS SANA.

Answer.-We also should fear you. We advise you to resign, and in future to play only in a quiet resort where mental treatment is a speciality.

Any other questions that may be asked will be answered cheerfully. Stamps should be enclosed, as these will not be wasted even if replies are not sent by post. The names of correspondents will only be published if the provocation is unendurable. No appeals from our decisions will be allowed.



SEASON ABOUT COURAGE. WORD IN

By Captain E. de Normanville.

Some thoughts having particular reference to the Motor industry, induced by Sir James Barrie's recent speech.

THIS issue of THE MOTOR-OWNER is, as I understand it, an especially special one. It is not my sphere to act as trumpeter to THE MOTOR-OWNER, but this issue is the third Birthday Number of the journal, and is therefore one of more than normal interest.

It may be by chance that you, the reader, are (happily or unhappily) unacquainted with the ins and outs of

journalistic etiquette.

Anyhow, I may mention for your information that in the journalistic world the third birthday of a new periodical is the accepted seal of success. If you ask me why the third birthday is chosen any more than the first or the fifth I must frankly plead ignorance. In short, I do not know. Nevertheless, I am assured that such is the case, and I feel confident that the readers of The Motor-Owner will join with me in saying, "Many happy returns of the day." So much for that.

There is another special attribute to this issue of THE MOTOR-OWNER. The Editor, like all well-balanced Britishers, has been particularly taken with the remarkably eloquent address of Sir James Barrie recently at St. Andrews. In fact he, the aforesaid Editor, has been so vividly impressed with this most opportune message of hope and courage that the present issue takes a

tonal effect from that address.

"The things that courage can do."
It is a sublime phrase, almost aphoristic in its impressive scope and indicative application. It seems, therefore, that it may not be inopportune briefly to review the present situation, as it affects motorists, and see whether there is not some message in that address which is applicable to the average motor-owner. Personally, I think so.

Luckily for himself, the ordinary motor-owner does not find it necessary to take home the full weight embodied in Sir James Barrie's eloquent address. I refer, of course, to his interests in the motor industry. In his own particular sphere of business activities he may have to take decisions which call for a

full complement of courage. But in respect of the motoring industry itself, his activity is probably more circumscribed. In the difficulties through which we have been passing it is the work of big motor concerns to have to take their courage in both

I well remember an inspiring conversation I had with Mr. A. W. McCormack, of the Wolseley Co., and it is poignantly brought to my mind again by the words of Sir James Barrie—"The things that courage can do."

A little over a year ago I chanced to be in Birmingham and found myself strolling round the Wolseley works with Mr. McCormack. We were discussing the throes of the slump and its disastrous effect on British industry. I asked him what he was going to do. He said—and though the conversation is some fifteen months old I remember it as though it were yesterday—"I am going to take my courage in both hands. There is undoubtedly a bad slump, but however bad the slump there will always be a reasonable amount of business in the British motor industry. am going out for that business. have a duty to my shareholders and my employees, and that is to give the best possible return to the former and the fullest amount of employment to the latter. I am therefore going right ahead with a reasonably full manufacturing programme, and I am going to increase my outlay and energies on sales propaganda, and I believe I shall be in the forefront of whatever business may be going. Just you mark my words.'

Well, I did mark his words to the extent of going back and telling my friends that Mr. McCormack had let his enthusiasm overrun his judgment. I apologise with all the humility due to an admitted error. The words I have quoted are substantially the same as those said to me over fifteen months ago; and what a wonderful justification they have had in the evolution of circumstances!

I hope I have learnt my lesson of industrial courage from this remarkable even able example. When we look around to-day and see the number of Walkers cars on the road, and the vast number of week by being turned out week by week by the factory the factory, we see that individual effort of courage vindicated to the

I would submit with all humility that we should take the striking message from the creator of Peter P. S. direct to our own head. The way in direct to our own hearts. The way in which it should be taken by average motor average motor owner or prospective buyer may be given in a phrase. is the time to buy. Never in the history of motoring of motoring development has there been such remaining the such remaini been such remarkable value for money as that which is now offered. Do not interpreted to a shape. tempted to postpone your purchase. Take it from me that in but very few cases are furthern cases are further reduced prices possible. In fact, we already have examples of points The Britimotor manufacturer and importer are nobly doing their share of building up the country's crippled industrial activities It activities. It is up to potential purchasers of cars to shoulder their share in this work in this work—to take their courage in both hands and courage The both hands and go right ahead.

policy of "gang warily" is all very
well at times. well at times, but it is courage times hard endeavour that win every time, and as far as well and as far as you are concerned the for courage is very happily leavents. with common sense and self interests.

The price of motor cars is now that ore stabilised the more stabilised than it has been at any time in the time in the post-war period. What prices were "jumpy" it required a prices were "jumpy" it required the process which is processed to be proce certain amount of courage to make the plunge of place plunge of placing an order, as there was always the possibility that price might be reduced immediately afterwards. That afterwards. That possibility is now materially lessened, and the call for courage in making the final decision to purchase a new control of the courage in making the final decision to purchase a new control of the courage in making the final decision to purchase a new control of the courage in the courage purchase a new car is correspondingly reduced. To be reduced. To bring the nation back to better industrial to better industrial times we must all do our share told our share—take courage and buy that car!

THE CHARM OF THE BROADS



A GLORIOUS HOLIDAY PARADISE



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Looking downstream on the Bure at Horning. There is a pontoon which provides transport for vehicular traffic.

HORNING FERRY, ON THE BURE.



BEAUTIFUL BROADLAND.

DESCRIBED BY CLIVE HOLLAND.

A prelly scene from the

Banks of the River Bure.



[Photo by Payne Jennings.

ANY years ago the first pioneers of a Broadland holiday hired a wherry at Great Yarmouth and set out on their adventure into the region of vast reed-edged lakes, which lies in Norfolk, and was in those days little known to any save poachers, stray fishermen, the cutters of osiers for basket weaving (which forms one of the most picturesque of industries), and the farmers whose lands went down to the water's edge.

edge.

It was an undiscovered country, yet a place of allurement, a land of adventure from which those early holiday makers came back charmed, and a little secretive maybe, as often are the discoverers of new holiday grounds and fresh joys in life, but fully determined to go there again.

The Broads have been developed. They offer all the old charms reinforced by cleaner and less weed-grown waterways, and better camping grounds, supplies, yachts, wherries and facilities for full enjoyment.

The war put a check on Broadland holidays, but the beautiful lake-like expanses of water, Hickling Broad, Barton Broad, Wroxham Broad, Ormesby Broad, Oulton Broad, Rollesby Broad, and Braydon Water, to mention only some of the better known, are fast regaining their

popularity and returning to their erst-

while prosperity and picturesqueness.

Last summer the white wings of yachts and the delightful brown and red sails of wherries were innumerable; and this year there will be a boom in yachting holidays on the Broads. Holiday makers will not be slow to appreciate the fact that the Broads are swiftly and easily reached in comfort by a fine service of restaurant and Pullman car expresses from London (Liverpool St. Station).

Few who have not visited them have any idea of their extent or of the waterways open for cruising and boating that connect the vast lakes. There are roughly two hundred miles of navigable streams, and Broads which the former connect.

There is no more delightful inland yachting holiday district in England, and few can offer such picturesque variety and contrasts of scenery. It has, too, an old-world charm which has remained practically unchanged throughout the centuries. Almost the only thing, indeed, that has changed the landscape since the days when Hereward the Wake sailed the Broadland lakes and rivers are the picturesque yachts and wherries upon which sunshine and shadows play as they sail along the ever-changing surface of the blue, green, or grey waters of the rivers and lake-like expanses.



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White wings on the River Thurne. The mill seen on the banks is for



prosaic necessity 1 beautiful land of

The scenery is often extremely beautiful, and is seldom really tame because of its variety. Trees add materially to the charm of a landscape, and there are well-wooded stretches through which the rivers flow—on the Bure, for example, in its upper reaches between Horning Ferry and Coltishall, with its big wooden mill. Many woodland beauties lie around Barton Broad, and one gets one of those sharp contrasts which prevent monotony but a few miles away in the wide expanse of

Hickling Broad, whose shores are almost treeless, and whose solitude is impressive and very restful.

No tastes in regard to natural beauty of the quieter kind need go unsatisfied—that is one of the charms of Broadland — and not the least of its beauty and allure is the everchanging sky and the moonlit silvery nights which in the hottest summer have a coolness that is delightful.

Those who have not been on the Broads are sometimes apt to conclude that the surrounding land must be marshy and that it cannot be healthy. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The Broads as a district has been taken in hand. Its possibilities were long ago foreseen, and drainage works and every kind of modern appliance that can eliminate the evils of swampy places have reclaimed the marsh land of yore and have turned it into firm, dry ground fit for agriculture, and, what is more to the point for holiday makers,

good camping spots free from unhealthy conditions.

tions.

A well-known physician, who for years past has taken his holiday on the Broads, pointed out to us the counteracting effect of the bracing air off the sea, for which Norfolk and Suffolk are both famous, which prevents any of the enervation which might be associated with vast sheets of fresh water, and the vicinity of these.

"A holiday on the Broads," he said, "is





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One of the prettiest of the Broads, Barton Broad, on the course of the River Ant, has an area of 270 acres.

SUNSET AND STORM.



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Oulton Broad, a fine sheet of water near Lowestoft, on the shores of which George Borrow lived and wrote.

ON THE OULTON BROAD.



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The eel fisher still pursues his solitary calling on the Broadland rivers of Norfolk and Suffolk.

AN EEL FISHER.



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A popular cruising ground for yachtsmen—Heigham Sounds, covering 125 acres, lying between the River Thurne and Hickling Broad.

THUNDER CLOUDS ON HEIGHAM SOUNDS.



BEAUTIFUL BROADLAND.

A popular reach below Wroxham Bridge. This a favourite embarking



and disembarking place for those whose headquarters are at Wroxham.

one of the most healthful, enjoyable, and restful that tired men and women can get in this country. I have ordered many patients to try the Broads with happiest results. They have come back to life refreshed, sun-tanned, vigorous, and often free from the nervous troubles that stressful days and post-war conditions make so prevalent. There is an advertisement regarding a preparation which builds bonnie babies. One might paraphrase it, and say 'The Broads build brainclear business men.'"

Holiday makers going to the Broads will be interested to know that the district covered by them lies within the area of the lowest rainfall in England. Often when people at the usual South and West Coast resorts have been taking out their um-brellas and mackintoshes far too frequently for pleasure, other holiday makers, on the Broads, have enjoyed much less rain and much more sunshine—a fact worth noting.

The Broads afford a splendid variety of attractions for many types of holiday maker. The men and women who need rest and change amid pleasant and varied scenery can get just what they want. All they need is a wherry, a nice deck chair, a pleasant book, and the etceteras which go to the enjoyment of a lazy time. The man of energy can sail or help to sail his own yacht or wherry. He will find plenty to keep him busy in the everchanging winds of the winding streams;

and the excitement of a good run through sparkling water with a stiff breeze blowing and the song of the ripples at the bows of his boat.

The angler, too, can look for a time which will keep him busy and provide a store of those fishing stories for relation when he returns to town—which, alas! are so discredited in non-angling circles. Those who are fond of rowing can have their fill. Those who revel in a morning plunge in sparkling water can get



BROADLAND. $B \in \mathcal{A} U T I F U L$

it every day. The artist and amateur photographer will find that abundant subjects for pictures and photographs abound.

The naturalist, too, will find much of interest in the amazing variety of bird and insect life and the many kinds of

flowers to be found.

Life amid such surroundings, especially when in holiday mood, is a wonderfully attractive thing. It is a bright, gay, unconventional, and essentially health-giving existence; fresh, intriguing, and exhilarating to an extent that those who have not tried it can scarcely conceive.

In the daytime there is the everchanging pageantry of earth and sky the multitudes of yachts and boats, with their white, brown and rust-red sails. The stir of life at ferries and inns, at the latter of which many a good yarn is told. And at night the vast silences, which are not lonely because one has companions, and the possibilities of bridge, whist, music; yes, gramophones, which somehow sound a world better than they do in a London flat or suburban villa This is the place for the banjo too, and well played it is delightful.

As sunset comes the yachts and wherries make for their anchorages, and then one lands or pays visits in one's dinghy to other people who are moored near by. No one seems to mind that one is not "properly introduced." Sometimes quite delightful concerts are organised on the spur of the moment, for theatrical folk are fond of the unconventional holiday, and they get one on the Broads. times one hears a voice singing that one has paid a guinea to hear in a London theatre or music hall, and the wailing, plaintive notes of a violin played by a master hand come drifting across the moonlit water.

A Broadland holiday may not be very Few good holidays are nowa-But it is no dearer than that at a fashionable seaside resort. And how much more delightful.

There is, however, one point in regard to a Broads holiday party of whatever

number it may consist.

It should be carefully chosen. There is not much room for disagreement on a yacht or wherry, and there is no adequate manner short of going overboard by which one can get away from uncongenial people. Therefore it is wise to choose one's companions wisely.

The cost will vary according to the standard of living and the individual requirements of the party. But here is a sample average Budget, drawn up from a wide experience, for a party of eight, which is a very convenient number.

The best kind of craft will be a wherry yacht with four cabins, which will sleep eight comfortably, and two visitors on a

pinch.

£ . s. d. Hire of wherry per week (increase of 15 per cent. for August) 23 0 0 Provisions (including meat, minerals, beer, etc.) 12 0 0 . . Sundries 5 0 0 . . Say £5 per week per person

This includes two attendants to manage the yacht. A slight reduction upon this estimate may possibly be made by the exercise of care. But to this sum must be added travelling expenses to Broads and back.

There are all types of boats, yachts, and wherries to be hired suitable for singlehanded cruising, and for parties of all sizes from four up to a dozen or so. And also motor and auxiliary motor craft. It is, however, very desirable to secure one's boat in good time as the favourite and better ones are soon snapped up.
Messrs. Blakes, Ltd., whose head office

is in London at 22, Newgate Street, E.C., represent the Owners' Association, and all details concerning a holiday in Broadland

can be obtained from them

The delights of a Broadland holiday dwell long in the memory and remain as fresh as are the wide waters and open spaces on which and among which it has been passed.

In summer nights to come there will be many of our readers doubtless who will sit contentedly on their yachts or wherries smoking their pipes and chatting over

the day's experiences.

" As the stars come out, and the night wind Brings up the stream Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea."

Matthew Arnold.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. A. & C. Black, Limited, for permission to reproduce the pictures in colour from water colour drawings by A. Heaton Cooper, the copyright of which they hold.

BEAUTIFUL BRO.IDL.AND.



A typical scene in Broadland, where windmills are used for drainage purposes. This sketch shows a reach of the River Thurne.

WINDMILLS ON THE THURNE.

"How to See the

NORFOLK BROADS

and what to take"



on 200 miles of navigable waters. Motor cruisers, wherries, yachts, bungalows, house-boats for hire weekly or longer periods. Over 300 to select from, all fully furnished.





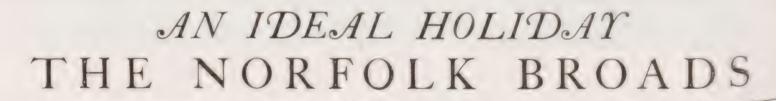
ASK YOUR FRIEND

and if he has done this IDEAL HOLIDAY with his wife, son, daughter or friends, he will recommend you to try it. A skipper is supplied if desired who will manage the craft for you and do all the cooking—think what a real rest this means to the wife. Total cost, including food, averages less than £10 per head per fortnight.

Send for copy of "Yachting Holidays," 160 pages, gratis, postage 2½d. Contains particulars of all craft for hire, and long article, "How to do the Broads and what to take," also craft on Dutch Canals and River

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Sole Representatives
to all Owners
22 NEWGATE ST., LONDON, E.C.



OVER 200 MILES OF INLAND NAVIGABLE WATERWAYS

THE RESORT OF THE YACHTSMAN, ANGLER AND ARTIST

Travel in Comfort by the GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY to WROXHAM, OULTON BROAD, CROMER, SHERINGHAM, YARMOUTH, LOWESTOFT (The Stations serving The Broads)

CONVENIENT SERVICE OF RESTAURANT AND PULLMAN CAR EXPRESSES CHEAP TICKETS FOR VARYING PERIODS LUGGAGE IN ADVANCE

For full particulars and illustrated booklet, gratis, apply to Publicity Office, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C 2, or to the Company's West End Ticket and Information Bureau, 71 Regent Street, W.1. "THE CHARM OF THE BROADS," a beautiful and artistic brochure, price 6d., can be obtained at the above mentioned offices.

H. W. Thornton, General Manager.



THEE V O L U T I O N O FPOLO.

Some Points in the Development of the Present Highly Scientific Game.

LTHOUGH it has been known in this country for only some fifty years, polo is the oldest game in existence, for as far back as 600 B.C. it appears to have been played in Persia, where it was styled changan. The present name for the game comes from the Thibetan word pulu, and it was from Thibet that polo came through Manipur to India, where it flourished in the the persia and India it was kept alive in the frontier States, particularly in Manipur, where it is the national game. Polo was first played by Englishmen in India in Cachar (the district adjoining Mr. 1997) ing Manipur) in 1854, the game there the first polo club in the British Capt. Robert Standard (the Deputy-Capt. Robert Stewart (the Deputy-(afterwards Major-General) Joe Sherar. It was the later of the intro-It was the latter who intro-

duced the game to Calcutta in team to that city. British officers started the game in the Punjaub and the North West Provinces of India in 1861. In 1863 the Calcutta Polo Club was founded, and three or four years later polo became general throughout India.

Polo was first played in India at Aldershot, by the 10th Hussars, in 1869, and in July 1871 the 10th Hussars and the 9th Lancers contested the 9th Lancers contests.

Hounslow Heath. The players

were gight Heath. were eight a side and they rode very small ponies of about twelve and a half hands high, using hockey sticks and a small white is historic white bone ball. This historic game lasted for an hour and a half, with a half-time interval of ten minutes, and resulted by the for the 10th Hussars three goals to two. Captain F. A. ("Tip") Herbert, who was one of the 9th Lancers' representatives in this match, left the service in 1872, and that summer in Monmoutlishire established the first polo club in England. This was followed by the formation in London of the Royal Polo Club at Lillie Bridge. The year 1873 saw the start of the County Carlow Polo Club in Ireland, as well as the Cambridge University Polo Club, while the University Polo Club at Oxford was founded the following year.

At Hurlingham, which is the headquarters of the game, polo was started in 1874, and one of the first matches decided there was between Captain Herbert's Monmouthshire team and the 9th Lancers. Six a side was played, the 9th Lancers winning by two goals to love. In 1875 the first rules of polo were issued by the Hurlingham Polo Committee, which has ever since been recognised as the governing body of the game. The number of players that

year was reduced from six to five a side and the height of ponies limited to 14 hands, while regular polo sticks replaced hockey sticks. It was not until 1883 that the present system of four players a side was adopted.

Polo in the early days was rather a happy-go-lucky sort of game, for everyone played for himself more or less, and there was little or no combination, one player acting as goalkeeper or back, and the other four members of the team having no fixed positions. The pioneers of the present scientific game were the 7th Hussars on their return in 1883 from abroad, and the late Mr. John Watson, who learnt polo with the 13th Hussars in India, and subsequently captained the Freebooters' team in Ireland. Competing in the home Inter-Regimental tournament in 1883 for the first time, the 7th Hussars used the novel backhander very successfully, and they also intro-

duced the No. 1, or "flying man." It was the 7th Hussars and Mr. John Watson who first introduced the system of methodical play, with a particular position allotted to each player. There is no doubt that Mr. John Watson, by his teaching, improved the game to a great extent, but his methods were far from elastic, for he laid it down that the back's business was to play an entirely defensive game and that the No. I was to ride the back rather than hit the ball. famous Sussex County team exploded this fallacy, for Mr. "Johnnie" Peat, their brilli-ant No. 1, was the chief goal hitter of his side.

The three brothers Peat, who started to play in 1874, and retired in 1894, were invincible from 1885 to 1893. During this period of nine years, when their Sussex County team included Mr. F. B. Mildmay at No. 2, this combination held an unbeaten record in the



The Duke of Westminster (on the right) playing for Eaton in a recent match at Hurlingham.





A spirited scene in the final for the Social Club's Cup at Hurlingham.

Hurlingham Champion Cup tournament, and never suffered a single polo defeat. Their extraordinary success was mainly due to two things. Firstly, they were hard and very accurate hitters, and being of strong physique they played with heavier and longer sticks than were generally used. Each one of the brothers was gifted with a wonderful eye, and they would bring off marvellously hard strokes when the ball was on the bound. Secondly, they gave an immense amount of time all the year round to schooling their ponies, which they taught to balance themselves when ridden with a comparatively loose rein. "Johnnie" Peat, the No. 1, was the most brilliant of the three brothers. He was wonderfully quick on the ball, with his pony always balanced and ready to take advantage of any opening, and was an extraordinarily hard and accurate hitter. His favourite pony was Dynamite, a bay mare of the miniature weight-carrying steeplechase type; a wonderfully quick pony which he always wanted to use at a pinch. Alfred Peat, the No. 3, was also a fine hitter, and was a steady player always at hand to take the place of his brother, the back, if the latter went up into the game. Arthur Peat, the captain of the team, who played back, was one of the strongest hitters of backhanders ever seen on a polo field. He was a fine allround player and hitter, and a strong

horseman. Mr. F. B. Mildmay, the No. 2 of the team, was described by that well-known authority the late Mr. Moray Brown as "a most beautiful and finished player, and for neatness and style unsurpassed. Though slight of build, he yet can hit tremendously hard. Always in the right place, never flurried or flustered, and mounted to perfection, he is a model of a horseman or polo player."

It was in 1876 that the game was first played in the United States, where it was introduced by the late Mr. James Gordon Bennett. Ten years later the Westchester Polo Club, of Newport, Rhode Island, issued an invitation to Hurlingham to send over an English team to the States to play a series of matches for a challenge cup offered by the first-named club. The invitation was accepted, and a duly accredited Hurlingham. Club team, captained by Mr. John Watson, crossed the Atlantic to do battle for England in this, the first International polo match on record. Three of the leading soldier players of the day assisted Mr. John Watson, namely Captain Thomas Hone and the Hon. Richard Thompson Lawley, both of the 7th Hussars, and Captain Malcolm Orme Little, of the 9th Lancers. America was represented in this inaugural contest for the cup by Mr. Thomas Hitchcock (who captained the side), Mr. W. K. Thorn, Mr. Raymond Belmont, and Mr. Foxhall P. Keene. Thanks to their superior combination and faster ponies this 1886 England team won both team won both the matches played and brought back the cup to Hurling ham. England successfully defended their title to it. their title to it in 1900 and 1902. lost it in 1909 to the famous Medicals Brook "Big Four," a team that was captained by Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, and included the Mr. ney, and included the brothers "Larry" and "Monty" Waterbury, and last Devereux Milburn, who captained The year's successful American team. year 1909 marked a very important epoch in the read a very important epoch in the game, for the dashing polo of the visitors came as a revelation to English plan to English players. Attacking for all they were worth they were worth, the Americans had a far greater variety of strokes than we had, and had, and were deadly shots at goal.

It was evident to It was evident that if we were ever to regain the cup we should have one revolutionise our style of play. the result which speedily followed was the abolition of abolition of our cifsde rule, which made for a much faster and bright. game. Another thing which we copie from the Americans was the mer tion of a handle tion of a handicap list. Our first 1911 attempts to receive attempts to regain the cup in cap and 1913 failed, but the team. cap' tained by Major "Battle" Battle 1914 which went over to America in 1914, under the august under the auspices of Lord Wimborne, were was successful. Last year we pere beaten at Hurlingham by Mr. Devereux Milburn's reux Milburn's team.

THE "SPEED STAR" OF THE SCREEN.





Mainte Reid began his in Picture career as an ordinary extra. He is now a favourite extraordinary. During his nine years before the camera he has played in pretty well every kind of movie that's made, but the recent his recent his recent with the recent his stories of a





thrilling-romantic order, which is why he is now known as the Speed Star of the screen. In spite of his great versatility—he has earned his living as musician, playwright, journalist, and surveyor—Reid is no artist; yet he manages to pose as one with great effect in a coming Paramount picture



A CAR OF WONDERFUL ACHIEVEMENT.

There is an extraordinarily subtle charm in a powerful and well-balanced twelve-cylinder engine. It is so remarkable that it is difficult to describe in so many words—one needs a personal test really. But some of the leading characteristics are described in this article.

HE critical motor journalist is assailed by no greater problem than that which confronts him when trying to formulate an opinion as to the respective merits of leading super-cars. Wild horses would not drag us into the merciless maelstrom of controversy relative to an expression of opinion as to which is actually the best motor-car obtainable in the world. As a matter of fact it would be extremely difficult to adjudicate upon such a point, as a basic factor

is the element of personal opinion and, of course, there is no accounting for taste. The man who says "There is no such thing as the world's best motor-car" is probably wise in his generation. Despite all the difficulties of the situation, however, we do not hesitate for an instant in expressing the opinion that the Packard twin-six is unquestionably in the forefront of the world's finest achievements in automobile production. Such suavity of locomotion, such instantaneous and silent response to the driver's bidding, and such comfort as that provided by the Packard are difficult to convey in so many words. It is necessary to have practical experience of such a car before one can adequately appreciate its supreme charm. It matters not what attribute of car perfection you choose to select in the course of your journey of enquiry. If you demand speed-it is there to be commanded ; on one stretch of deserted road, with a standard car, we touched over 70 m.p.h.

Now let us for a moment deal with this question of speed. Quite obviously such exceptionally high speed can but rarely be attained with due regard for the general safety of other potential road users. But if we



A Twin-Six Packard Saloon.

assume for the moment that we are going to have a burst of such speed, it is instructive to appreciate the manner in which it can be achieved. The mind—more or less naturallypictures a roaring motor, a shriek from the exhaust, a general rattle and straining effect throughout the whole vehicle. But there is none of this when the Packard twin-six can occasionally be put to its highest speeds. There is obviously the roar of the rushing air-but the engine remains docile, the suspension remains remarkable in its perfection, and the steering calls for practically no effort beyond the normal minimum necessary under average touring con-We think that we may, ditions. perhaps, have put the cart before the horse in taking this speed question first, as, although the Packard is possessed of splendid speed achievements, that is not its prime claim for consideration. But the way in which those high speeds can be quickly reached and so smoothly maintained made a most marked impression on our mind—and that must stand as our excuse for dealing with the point thus early in our comments.

Let us now proceed to rectify our error and deal with the outstanding road achievement of the Packard,

which is its ability to maintain a high average speed under the man gratifying Motorists astonishingly conditions. throughout the working almost as bad as fishering when it comes to the question of average touring speeds. A man will, with the utmost enthusiasm make a wager to averige 30 m.p.h. from here there, and when it comes to the actual test he is genuinely surprised to for that the average work out at perhaps 24 mph. But picture a nice stretch of deserted country road;

of deserted country road visualise the supreme charm of resultions cylinder propulsion. If the conditions cylinder propulsion. If the conditions warrant wheeling off the miles one after another at 35 m.p.h. or 45 m.p.h., the Packard ambles along with the same reserve of power and the same suavity of locomotion which a good with high-grade car normally exhibits about 30 m.p.h. Take your imagination a little further and picture similar trip on one of the familiar trip on one of the familiational roads of the Continent, and then you can wheel off mile after mile at 50, 55, or even 60 m.p.h. and maintain a suavity of progression, the

which belittles verbal explanation. the

Now go right away back to
other over a set the other extreme where you can set the spark and throttle levers, get out the driving and the levers. the driving seat, and walk beside the car at a comfortable 3 m.p.h. will not will not work and walk bester the car at a comfortable 3 m.p.h. will not—we are speaking literally be a symptom be a symptom of dither, jolt, jar, or other unpleases other unpleasant attribute. The progress of the congress of the Packard under such conditions is identified under such conditions is identified under such conditions is identified under such conditions. ditions is identically the same as it were being the same as it. were being towed along by a silently applied power applied power. You may even the to some reasonable little rise in the road and yet the suave progression of the car will of the car will continue the same way.

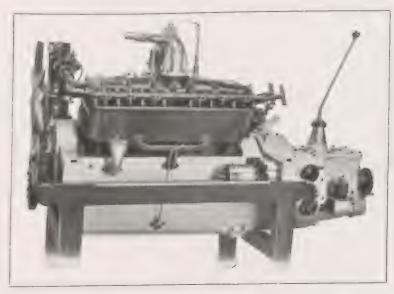
If you let If you let your imagination run to

MOTOR OWNER

UNIQUE ELASTICITY

the execution of such a stunt," you may again get into the seat, declutch whilst on this gentle rise, re-engage the clutch whilst still on top and the car will move away in exactly the same manner as if carefully towed along by an extraneous source of power supply. We have, of course, accomplished this rather uncalled for "stunt" on many occasions in the past. Whilst again endeavouring to avoid any direct comparison, we can only say that the way in which the Packard emerges from such undue demands is wholly remarkable.

In all these outstanding achievements, of course, there is a cause to account for the effect. You find it in the unique elasticity of torque effort provided by the 12 cylinders with which this car of super-luxury is "Quipped. In this respect it is, of course, in a class by itself in this country, and it is necessary to have a practical experience of what 12-cylinder luxury really means before one can



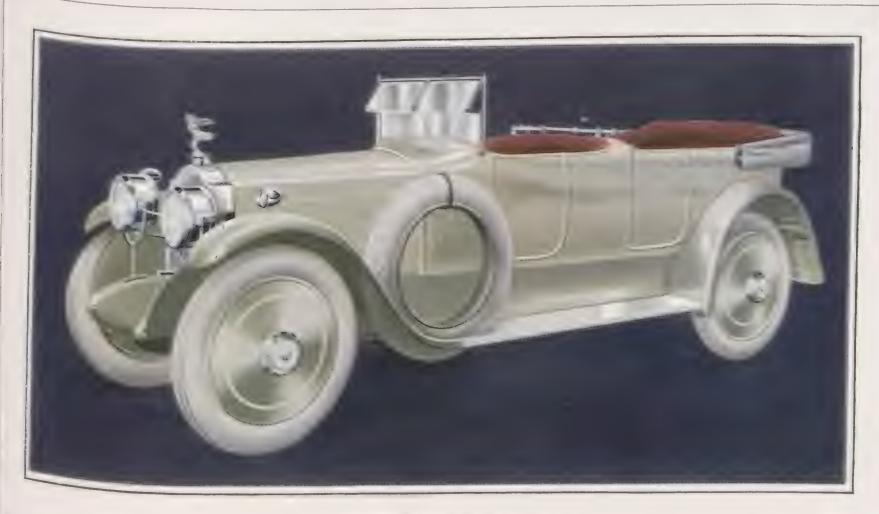
The Packard power unit.

adequately appreciate it. The "effort-less effort" of the engine may, perhaps, be adequately conveyed by giving you an advance idea of your speed guess on a trial run. We hazard the opinion that if on a nice open road the car were gliding along at 50 m.p.h., and a motorist of average experience were asked to guess the speed, he or she would probably say, "Oh, about

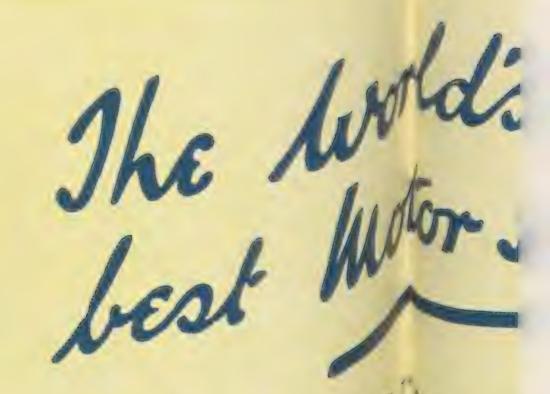
32, I should think." You have the whole story in that epitome. You might, or you might not, just hear a slight swish of air, due to the suck from the carburetter, but otherwise there would be no indication that the engine was actually working.

It is possible that the reader may be tiring of this eulogy of 12-cylinder luxury. We hope not, but in any case we can assure him that he will be possessed of the same keen enthusiasm so soon as he has had similar opportunities for testing the road qualities of this superb car. And so it remains throughout the whole performance of the car. If

you want to know about the suspension, here, again, one has no comment to offer other than in the highest meed of praise. If you want to know abour gear-changing—or anything else—it is always the same happy story. The twin-six, or twelve-cylindered Packard is a car of wonderful achievement, a super-car of markedly outstanding merit.



Grace and power combined in the Packard touring car.



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ATHOUGH a few sportsmen still remain faithful to the old-fashioned "four-in-hand" to take them to the race meeting, the majority have moved with the times and prefer to make use of the modern motor car. For those who enjoy driving themselves there is no more suitable car than the 14 h.p. Angus-Sanderson, at £495 complete. Now that it is made at the new Hendon Works by a new Company which controls the Tylor Engineering Co., the famous engine specialists, it is even better assembled and finished than before, and is, in every respect, the ideal car for the Owner-driver

The Briton's love bort has neither creased nor noticeable diminished since the period of the picture but his means to gratifying his tastes have changed somewhat. What copsternation would be caused could one but introduce this Angus Sanderson Caramon the "bloods" of the Downs of an earlier day!



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Showrooms: 177 Great Portland Street, LONDON, W.1



A NEW MIXTURE.

Plans of the National Benzole Company to provide Motorists with an ideal fuel.

N view of the fact that benzole was first produced in order to provide a motor spirit of British origin selling at a price below that of petrol, and uninfluenced by fluctuations in the price of petrolalthough possibly subject to fluctuations of its own—the falling off of the supply to an almost negligible point and the increase in price far beyond that of petrol has been a source of great disappointment to motorists.

This has been aggravated by the fact that post-war developments in engine design, plus a seeming deterioration in the post-war development of petrol sold, ration in the quality of petrol sold, have rendered an admixture of benzole almost essential with most modern engines. It is generally admitted nowadays that the ideal fuel is a half-and half-and-half mixture of petrol and benzole, although here again the quality of the petrol used may affect

the proportions of the mixture. For one brand it is claimed for instance, that the spirit is a natural mixture, containing already 30 per cent. of benzole, and certainly the performance of that spirit with a modern high-efficiency engine, as compared with the performance of other brands, seems to justify

All this being so, however, we are sure that all motorists, with us, will hail with delight the announcement of the National Benzole Company that henceforth an adequate supply of "fifty - fifty" mixture is assured. And the price is to be the price of petrol—4s. 11d. per two-gallon can.

The facts of the case, according to our information, are these:-The directors of the National Benzole Company have concluded a working agreement
Corporation which ensures a
Supply of Divisib controlled supply of British - controlled Pritical of British-controlled in higher than the average

quality. In future, therefore, "National Benzole Mixture" will be marketed, and we may briefly refer to the claim made on behalf of the new fuel. It will, of course, consist of a mixture of benzole and petrol, and we are assured that both fuels will be produced to a standard quality in the same way as National Benzole has been produced in the past. The mixture should provide more power, some 15 per cent. to 20 per cent. greater mileage, better hill climbing, less carbonisation, and be proof against pinking.

Whilst we shall hope to give further details of this interesting development at a later date, we may take this opportunity of giving one or two facts relative to the Agwi Petroleum Corporation, with Sir Joseph Davies, M.P., as chairman.

During the last year or so a very

large plant has been erected at Fawley, near Southampton, which materially adds to the oil-bunkering facilities of the port. At a recent inspection of the site, over 50,000 tons of oil were in the tanks, and the accommodation is as yet far from complete. Apart from the importation of the crude spirit, everything else is done at the Southampton plant, and the refinery can already handle over 1,000 tons of crude oil per week, a figure which will shortly be enlarged to 5,000 tons per

Some secrecy is maintained about the refinery process, but we understand that it gives a higher yield than that obtainable with previously known processes. We believe we are right in saying that the new refining process is one invented by Sir Oliver Lodge and Dr. Frank Tinker, both of whom were engaged by the Government

during the war as advisers on oil matters.

There is one other point of prime importance. The working agreement referred to is rendered doubly powerful by the guarantee of ample supplies of crude oil. These supplies are, we are informed, guaranteed by the Atlantic Gulf Oil Corporation, which owns large oil tracts, pipe lines, wharves, etc., in Mexico, where it has a number of wells in active production.. It is, of course, known that some Mexican oil wells suffer from the influx of salt water; nevertheless, the output to-day is over 2,000,000 tons a year, so that there is an ample margin for the guaranteed supplies for the further development of this new British enterprise.

The price of the new mixture, as we have said, will be 2s. 5\frac{1}{2}d. per gal. in 2-gal. cans, or 2s. 41d. in 50-gal. drums, while pure benzole will be 2s. 91d. per gal. in cans, and 2s. 81d. in 50-gal.



Mr. Geo. G. Mitcheson, whose handling of the Albert car has made him a conspicuous figure in the motor world, has been entrusted with the entire selling rights of the Cubitt car for a period of years, and took over his new charge a week or so ago. He intends to form a new company—the Cubitt Car Distributing Co .- to market it, undertaking the duties of managing director, while continuing to act in the same capacity for the Service Motor Co., Ltd. This new commitment does not in any way affect Gwynnes, who manufacture the Albert, or the Service Motor Co.

IMPROVINGONE'S TENNIS.

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery—but not in lawn tennis.

By S. N. Doust.

AWN tennis players of the second class often inquire of themselves and their friends why they do not improve. They take part in club and open competitions, watch the finals of big tournaments with intelligent interest, and yet remain second rate. To my way of thinking there are two reasons why they do not advance.

The first is that there are some who are not good ball game players, and the second, which is the chief cause, are those that blindly attempt to imitate a certain style because it looks elegant, irrespective whether that style can be

adapted with effect.

It is said that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, but blind imitation of various champions has been the greatest stumbling block to the progress of Lawn Tennis. For example, the Dohertys possessed a beautiful style, all their strokes were elegant and made with the minimum of effort, in fact the manner in which they produced their strokes was studied and laid down by critics and experts as being the correct way to teach all players. They forget one main point, and that is the Dohertys were geniuses. They were in the happy possession of a perfectly natural style and the ability to make it effective. Because of their elegance, many players altered their own natural way of producing strokes to that of the Dohertys, forgetting that they had not their genius for the game. So their play, if it did not actually deteriorate, did not make much progress.

At the very beginning, a player may be taught to correct a few obvious errors, such as holding the racket midway down the handle, but when professionals attempt to force their pupils to adopt their own particular method of stroke production willy-nilly, then actual harm is done to the pupil.

To improve, then, one must develop strokes made in the player's natural style. If an unnatural method is adopted you are always conscious of your strokes when things go wrong, and the rest of the game is spoiled by your attempting to remember the instructions received during lessons. To be good at any game one must be unconscious of how you are making your shots. They must be spontaneous because there is no time to remember

the right and wrong way.

Wall practice is the best way to improve one's strokes. Draw a line to represent the height of the net. Start with your ground shots; they are the foundation of the whole game. Drive hard and as close over the line on the wall as possible. Stop every time you fail to make the ball go above the line and begin again; never mind how often you fail, hit hard, until hitting hard becomes a habit. Accuracy will follow. You must develop back hand as well as forehand. When proficiency is attained with your ground shots, volleying may be learned. Some people are in too great a hurry to volley. I speak from my own experience. Volleying is made ever so much more effective when it is the result of your good ground strokes. It requires much less effort to go to the net off a stroke that is an attack just to finish the rally than to go up as a matter of course off any rubbish, when you strain both nerve, muscle and brain to avoid being passed by your opponent. Ground shots are the drudgery, volleying is the pleasing result of that drudgery

The day of a one-stroke champion passed some years ago. The merely base line player was disposed of by the volleyer more recently, but both kinds have been succeeded by the all court and all round player. Therefore volleying must be developed as assiduously as ground shots were, but that is the second stage. The third stage is to practise both volleying and ground shots in such a way as to make yourself accustomed to changing from one to the other quickly.

You now must come to the stage when it is necessary to test your strokes against an adversary, so you leave the wall for the tennis court.

In practice, try to get as many different opponents as possible. opponent has a different method. Some are so obvious that the direction they intend to hit the ball is we advertised, which is too easy and keeps the sense of anticipation dormant.

Anticipation is the keynote of successful volleyer; therefore is it much better to "be up against" players of all varieties, so as to keep you on the

Watch first-class players. Remember tactics play an important part between two evenly matched people. Try to get an idea of what is underneath the surface. You can learn a great deal of strategy by studying the game adopted by the champions. It is much better to copy their tactics than in

Experience is the greatest of all The assets to a naturally good player. man of 40 is equal to the man of 25 or 30, because what he has lost in activity he activit activity he works up by his experience. He is like a jiu-jitsu expert, who makes use of his adversary's strength, especially when a diversary's strength, especially when that adversary is not only strong, but ignorant of the science of jiu-jitsu. A lawn tennis player who has played for some years knows all the pitfalls. He is the part of all the pitfalls. He is cognisant of all awkward corner awkward corners to hit the ball, he also, with wisdom, never attempts to beat an exting beat an opponent who is beating himself, an error that is so common young and inexperienced among players.

It is of interest to learn that the Angus-Sanderson car is now in the swing of production at the new factory at Hendon. Spares for all models and every kind of repair work are heart dealt with at Li dealt with at Hendon by a completely reorganised service staff. It should be noted that all noted that all communications, both as regards new cars and service matters should be a formatters. matters, should be addressed to:
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A PICTORIAL DEMONSTRATION.





wish to improve their game cannot do better—having read Mr. S. N. Doust's words of advice on the opposite page—than to study his method of making various shots as shown in the several illustrations on this page.





Mr. Doust rightly points out in his article, however, that imitation of the style of a leading exponent of the game is of little service to the ambitious amateur unless that particular style proves to come naturally to the imitator also.





ESTATES FOR MOTOR-OWNERS.

Deferring to an oft-repeated request we have recently, as our readers will have noticed, given special attention in the advertisement columns to important and interesting estates on the market, and to prominent estate agents who have those and other attractive properties at their command. It is our further intention in future to devote another page in the body of the magazine to points of general interest in the Estate World.

MONG the properties shortly to be offered by auction by Messrs. Hampton and Sons is "The Greenwood," Merrow, near Guildford, which is the residence of Miss Ethel Dell. The famous authoress since acquiring this property has made it exceedingly comfortable and attractive, and the surrounding grounds of nine acres possess the very distinctive charm of seclusion.

In reply to an inquiry recently put to Messrs. Hampton and Sons as to which they considered the most favoured residential districts in the Home Counties, the Guildford area was stated to be very popular. West Sussex and East Hampshire were the localities always in greatest demand among people able to live out of the City man's radius. They attribute this to the very great variety of the country thereabouts, and the fact that the sea is within easy reach. 'Avisford Park," Arundel, and "Lavant House," Chichester, are two delightful places in that quarter, which are in Messrs. Hampton and Sons' hands for disposal.

June being one of the best possible times to offer property by auction, Messrs. Harrods (Brompton Road) have received instructions to sell both large and small country properties, as well as town houses. Amongst the former may be mentioned "Lynwood," St. Leonards-on-Sea, a delightful free-hold residence standing in about 12½ acres of well laid out grounds, in a beautiful position and with just the right accommodation. "Lye Green House," near Chesham, the property of the well-known song writer and garden enthusiast, Edward Teshmacher, is also in the market.

An attractive freehold property at Northwood, known as "Hollyoak," close to two well-known golf courses, and yet within easy reach of the station, is also to be offered. This residence stands in about one acre of grounds.

Amongst several fine properties of interest to motor-owners is "Shinfield Lodge," which stands on high ground

overlooking the Thames Valley, three miles from Reading Station. This is a delightful place of about 90 acres, with a charming medium sized Georgian house, cottages, farm buildings, and garage. It is strongly recommended by the agents, Maple and Co., of Tottenham Court Road.

The same firm is offering to auction in town "Alderbrook Park," near Guildford. This house is a fine specimen of Norman Shaw's work, commanding one of the finest views in the Home Counties. There is a lovely park of nearly 300 acres, model farm buildings, garage and stabling

buildings, garage and stabling.

Messrs. Maple have also for sale an interesting old Dickens house, known as "Old Hall," Highgate, which is mentioned in *David Copperfield*.

An old-world Devon residence of great charm, two miles from Teignmouth, has been placed in the hands of Messrs. Mabbett and Edge, of Mount Street, for disposal. It stands 300 ft. up in secluded grounds of exquisite beauty, designed by Sir Joseph Paxton, and is famous for its fine old timber and uninterrupted and extensive views.

The same agents are also instructed regarding a picturesque river residence of moderate size, nestling midst reposeful fields and woodlands near the old-world village of Shepperton. It is a naturalists' paradise, besides having a private frontage to the River Thames.

We hear from Messrs. Ralph Pay and Taylor, of Mount Street, that there has been a considerable improvement in the way of country business during the last few weeks. This extends not only to inquiries for country residences for the summer months, but also to sales, both in the Home Counties and more remote districts, including a large estate in North Wales with residence and over 700 acres, and a renowned house of character in Devonshire.

In the May issue of The Motor-Owner a most interesting house at Sevenoaks Weald was illustrated by this firm. The residence dates back to A.D. 1470, and is noted for its association with the Wyatt rebellion of

about 1550, Sir Henry Wyatt being executed at Sevenoaks in 1553.

In this month's issue a charming Oxfordshire property of considerable character at a price of only £3,500 is illustrated. There is at the present time a unique demand for residences of this size at prices ranging from £3,000 to £5,000, at which figure places are constantly changing hands.

The "Mill Court Estate" at Alton, Hants, was recently disposed of by Messrs. Norfolk & Prior. The cinaminal old Manor House is in perfect order, and fitted with every modern convenience, including central heating and electric light. The River wey intersects the estate for about 1½ miles, thus affording excellent trout fishing.

There is a well-equipped home farm, containing the remains of a thirteenth century monastery, an excellent lodge, six cottages, beautiful old-world grounds and a heavily timbered park, valuable pasture, arable and woodland—in all, about 230 acres. purchaser has also secured the shooting over an additional 1 200 acres.

ing over an additional 1,200 acres.

"Old Surrey Hall," East Grinstead, which is in the hands of Messrs. Nor folk and Prior for disposal, is delightfully situated in a retired and sheltered position on rising ground, well away from public thoroughfares, and continuands lovely views through a pretty, mands lovely views through a pretty, undulating, well-wooded valley on the Surrey and Sussex borders.

The property is of considerable antiquarian interest and is likely to appeal strongly to anyone wishing restore an ancient building with a view to converting it into an ideal old-world country home, for which purpose that have already been prepared.

The property is held on lease to so years from 1920 at a moderate rental, and the lessee covenants suitably to restore the house and grounds. In the absence of a private buyer the estate will be submitted to public auction early this month. The land agents are Messrs, Wood and Walford of East Grinstead, and the auctioneers Messrs. Norfolk and Prior.



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SWITZERLAND FOR MOTORISTS.

Hundreds of Miles of Roads through Enchanting Scenery Waiting to be Explored.

HE word "Switzerland" for thousands of holiday makers conjures up chiefly in their minds visions of lakes, valleys and, above all, high mountains and mountain passes. To many, who have year after year gone to some climbing. climbing centre such as Grindelwald, Pontresina or Zermatt, the name does not suggest the possibility, let alone the characteristics and vet the charms, of motoring. And yet many habitual holiday makers who go to the land of the Cantons, lakes and mountains who are motorists might well take their cars with them, or, failing the Rale Berne, failing that, hire a car at Bâle, Berne, Lucerne or Geneva, and see some of the loss of the loss the lesser-known beauties, which they have probably hitherto overlooked.

Travelling in Switzerland has been made very pleasant and easy. The Swiss have exploited their country and its picturesque charms with linown as "The Playgroundof Europe." Perhaps the worst thing about it there is so much that is one can scarcely hope to cover it, ing, though it is, in only one or two that when one has settled down

in a particularly beautiful spot some newcomer is sure to tell just round the corner!

It is here that the owner of a car may reckon to count. He is not dependent upon inundreds of miles of fine roads through enchanting scenery to

through Switzerland would exciting, difficult, and puzzling it still has its thrills.

Great strides have been made, even since the war, in the proln the earlier days of motor-

ing on the Continent Switzerland had many roads, it is true, but they were constructed rather more with a a view to utility than for motoring. And in addition the users of them, mostly farmers with slow-moving bullock carts or almost equally lethargic horses, strongly objected, as we remember, to the swiftly-moving, odorous "machines" that motorists introduced to their notice in an often terribly sudden manner. In those days, too, " Halt im Schritt" not only pulled one up at every turn, but was so rigorously enforced that most motoring resembled a funeral procession. All towns adopted the most stringent of speed limits, and to be arrested was the most common thing in the world. There were, also, various, often small, but nevertheless irritating, exactions, as everyone with an official status seemed to be intent on making something out of the car owner. And, in addition, there was a passavant, costing 200 francs, to be obtained before one could tour in the country at all.

There was a scale of fines for exceeding the speed limit varying from a franc or two (or even less) to 20 francs or more. But one could not pay up at once and go on one's way. Oh, no? One had to be arrested in due

form, taken before the magistrate who as often as not would be away from his official residence either lunching, or dozing if it was in the afternoon. One was not even fined straightway when the magistrate was found. One was generally committed in bail of a couple of hundred francs before one was free to go one's way. The process of recovering that bail being so protracted and complicated, most people preferred to lose their money and flee the country at the end of their holiday.

Luckily, however, all that has been changed. The Swiss have taken the automobilist to their hearts, for he is a profitable kind of holiday maker, who puts up at good hotels and generally has money to spend on extra comforts.

Speed limits are still imposed, and rightly so, for Switzerland is a country of comparatively narrow roads, sharp corners, and in most of the villages and small towns of tortuous streets. But, nevertheless the country to-day is, all things taken into consideration, one of the most beautiful and pleasant in Europe for motorists. Roads open to them run from the exquisite valleys, like that of the Rhône, from Lausanne over the famous Simplon Pass, at its highest point reaching an altitude of

6,590 ft., and in many other directions. It will, therefore, be seen that the high Alpine routes and roads have been greatly developed the last few years.

Perhaps one could not do better than enter Switzerland by way of Bâle. It is a fine old town, with many "objects of interest" and historical traditions. The former cathedral of the See of Bâle, called the Munster, with its twin towers, is a conspicuous object. And from its "Platz," beautifully shaded by lime trees, one of the finest town views in Switzerland is obtainable of the swiftly-flowing, jade-green Rhine. Bâle is only an easy run for the motorist from



The lake of Locarno and the famous pilgrimage church of Madonna del Sasso.

Baden-Baden, and a pleasant journey from Paris. From Bâle one gets a fine and picturesque road along the zig-zagging river banks to Schaffhausen, passing Neuhausen and its famous falls, where the river, some 400 ft. wide, tumbles, a veritable boiling cauldon, in three leaps over a rocky ledge. Schaffhausen itself is an interesting town with many mediæval survivals and memories, not forgetting the ancient bell, with its Latin motto, freely translated, "The living I call, the dead I strike, the lightning I break in pieces," upon which it is said the poet Schiller founded his well-known verses, The Song of the Bell.

From Schaffhausen one has a good motoring road to Constance and its lovely lake, along whose borders one can go south-eastward to Romanshorn, St. Margarethen and Ragaz, the latter a delightful watering-place and health resort with thermal springs.

One can then either take the Maloja Pass route down into Italy, via Coire, St. Moritz and Chiavenna, or one can turn north-westward from Ragaz and skirt the Walen See, with its background of mountains, and proceed along the borders of the lake of Zurich to the town which bears its name.

The motorist of enterprise will not leave this part of Switzerland without making an expedition into the canton of Glarus. Here one obtains a continuous panorama of Alpine scenery unequalled in variety and charm.

Valleys, lakes and mountains unfold themselves before the eyes, and along the wonderful Klausen road, leading from Linthal to Altdorf, one gets a thrilling experience of mountain motoring.

At Altdorf one is at the threshold of the most exquisite region round about the far-famed Lake of Lucerne. At any of the numerous towns and villages situated upon this world-famed lake the motorist can establish his touring head-quarters with the knowledge that he has an almost unlimited choice of day excursions—or longer—and a network of most excellent highways. There is an excellent Tourists' Bureau at Lucerne, where the fullest



The lake of Brienz, with a fine motoring road running along its shores.

possible information is given freely to all car users.

There is the incomparable Axenstrasse from which one gets peeps of lake and mountain scenery of surpassing loveliness at almost every turn. Then there is the famous St. Gothard Road, which takes one into Italian Switzerland. And all around the lake are roads leading to the Lake of Zug—small, though delightful, with cherry trees bordering the roadways, and picturesque chalets perched here and there on the rising ground—and to the Lake of Zurich.

When one has thoroughly explored the Lucerne-Zug-Zurich area one has the choice of two extensions farther afield. One can return to Altdorf and thence to Andermatt, and over the Furka Pass to Gletsch. Then down the Rhône Valley to Brig with a well

worth while extension over the Simplon. Or from Gletsch one can cross the Glimsel Pass by a road that is one of the most striking and remarkable in Switzerland. One will not soon forget the experience as one passes through some of the most wild and sensational mountain scenery imaginable till the farfamed Handeck Fall is reached, and thence proceeds through the lovely Hasli Valley to Meiringen. From Andermatt, too, one can reach Disentis by way of the steeply climbing and widely curving Olarali Pass.

Interlaken, which may be called the centre of the Bernese Overland, can best be reached from Lucerne over the Brunig

Pass, and thence along the pretty shores of the Lake of Brienz.

Interlaken—with its wonderful view of the Jungfrau and the "Alpine glow" that turns its summit at down into a thing of mysterious fairy-like beauty—forms an excellent centre for a number of motor trips in the district round about. There are the vallet are the valleys of Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald, and at either of these places one can take a mountain railway for the Little Scheidegg with its exquisite pastoral valley scenery. and Jungfrau railway starts here, takes its actorial starts here. takes its astonishing route through those Alpine giants, the Mönch and Eiger to the Eiger, to the Jungfraujoch. Here in the tourist season, even in his summer one summer, one can indulge in winter sports, and have rides on sleights drawn by teams of Esquimaux dogs!

Along the borders of the Lake of Thun one may proceed to Thun to Thun and thence to Berne. There is much of interest in the latter old-world town famous for its Cathedral, ancient houses, and Bear Pit. It also forms forms an excellent headquarters from which to explore western Switzerland. The Enmenthal should not be overlooked. It provides some beautiful scenery and scenery, and some quaint and excellent excellent inns, where meals are not costly, but amazingly appetising appetising, and where the trout in its perfection generally forms a portion of the lunch of dinner menu.

Fribourg, standing on its rocky eminence, noted for its many bridges including a "wonder



Montreux, at the eastern end of the Lake of Geneva, is one of the most beautiful lake towns in Switzerland.

PUBLIC AUTOMOBILE SERVICES.

bridge," suspended across and 168 ft. above the river Sarine, which almost surrounds the town, is worth a day's halt. From the town "view points," including the Loretto Chapel, magnificent prospects are obtainable of the peaceful pastoral landscape of the Gruyère country, which stretches out on every hand. The magnificent organ of the church of St. Nicholas is world-famed, and the fine fifteenth century tower forms a striking feature of the ancient building. In front of the Council Hall stands an old lime tree supported by stone pillars, said to have sprung from a twig planted in 1476. This twig had been brought by a young native of the town

when he reached the gates of Fribourg, breath, breathless, and dying from his wounds, eager to the state of the gates of the breathless, and dying from his wounds, eager to announce the great victory

From Fribourg there is a wellgraded road leading down to the shores of the Lake of Geneva, on which stand the beautiful towns of Montreux, Vevey, Lausanne and the city of Geneva which has bulked so large in internal which has bulked so large in international affairs since the Armistice.

A week or so spent in touring round the lake will provide many unforgettable memories of beautiful scenery and magnificent views of the mountains

The charms of picturesque Murten, on the little Murten See, which can be easily little Murten See, which can be easily visited from Fribourg, should not be overlooked, with its ancient crenel. crenelated walls surrounding it on three sides. Its numberless arcades, formed

by driving the pavements through the ground floors of the houses themselves, affording lighter in all weathers, give to little town a distinction all

From Lausanne one can reach Yverdon, a pleasant town with a fine twelfth century château, situated at the southern extremity of the Lake of Neuchatel.

There are many beauty spots on the shores of the lake, and Neucliatel itself is a pleasant well worth a day or two's halt.

Or, before leaving the Lake of Geneva for Neuchatel, Bâle, and home, there is the run up the valley of the Rhône from Sion, Montreux to Martigny, Sion,



Interlaken, showing the famous view of the Jungfrau.

Leux and Brig, amid magnificent environing scenery, and with the opportunity of exploring the various valleys large and small that seem to lure one on every side.

At Brig one has the choice of returning to Montreux, or of going on and of entering Italy by the Simplon Road via Iselle and Domodossola, and exploring the beautiful district of the Italian lakes.

Whichever course may be adopted the motorist who follows the hints of this article will have no reason to regret his tour, and most certainly will have stored up for future years many delightful memories of mountains, lakes and valleys, and of many pleasant scenes and picturesque towns.

As we have already said, there is still a speed limit. Motorists should note that the present laws permit

eighteen kilometres (say II miles) per hour in towns, and forty kilometres (say 25 miles) per hour in the open country. But there are special limitations in the case of high Alpine roads. It should be remembered that the "diligences" or Gov-ernment public conveyances have the right on the latter roads to the inside berth. The special regulations regarding roads are entirely reasonable and necessary when one takes into consideration the nature of the mountain passes, with their frequent, and often hairpin, curves, zig-zags and lack of width.

Every foreign motorist on entering Switzerland is given a booklet by the Federal Depart-

ment of the Interior, printed in four languages, which contains the motoring regulations of the various Cantons. Every particular regarding customs, other regulations, responsibility in case of accidents, traffic, and the various routes can be ascertained from the General Secretary of the Swiss Automobile Club, Geneva, or of the Secretaries of the sections grouped under Lucerne, St. Gall and Zurich.

There are nowadays on most of the Alpine roads in summer good services of cars, motor diligences, and also, in many cases, private touring cars are available, so that those motorists who do not care to incur the expense or trouble of taking their own cars across Channel can still see Switzerland in the way in which they would most willingly choose.

Most of the public Motor Car Diligence Services commence in June, and run till the middle or end of September. Some, however, commence in May and end in October; and some do not commence until the first of July.

Excellent repair shops are to be found in almost every town and village, and the petrol supply is generally adequate and of good quality.

As a result of the speeding of deliveries from France, Messrs. Jarrott & Letts, Limited, inform us that they are now able to offer the 11.5 h.p. Bugatti chassis, with lighting set, 5 Rudge-Whitworth wheels, 4 tyres, and the usual tool equipment at £500. The price of the completely equipped standard 2 or 3-seater will be £650.



The pretty little town of Weggis, with its cherry orchards and distant view of the snow-clad Alps.

THE RIVER LETHE.

And rising I have taken to me rods from the retreat where they have been reclining, And idly I've withdrawn the brass-bound wads and built them up, the supple and the shining, As men build hopes. . . . (Patrick Chalmers.)

F, as some say, anticipation be the substance rather than the shadow of true enjoyment, the fisherman's cup is indeed fuller than that of most sportsmen. For to him to anticipate is to prepare. Not the casual counting of cartridges or the inspection of pigskin and topboots, but whole evenings spent in loving overhaul of fly-books and rearrangement of gut and casts. Nay, if he be an angler of the old school he will even tie his own flies, occupation for many winter nights, and back the result against Mr. Farlow's best. How many shooting men, pray, fill their own cartridges

For days beforehand barometer and weathercocks engage one's attention, and, last of all, when every item of gear is tested and complete, there is the car to be thought of, for the Promised Land is distant, as needs must be, and the ascent thereto stony and steep.

Through the whole of a hot June day the car flings the miles behind her, hot-footed on the dusty roads, till, in the cool of the evening, appear the peaks of the Promised Land; far away on the horizon, like grey shadows against the blue.

Up and ever up, till the car, like Pilgrim himself, would fain pause for rest. But the end is in sight. Of a sudden we reach the top of the Pass, and of her own accord, I think, the car comes to rest, for there below us, nestling in a fold of the dales, lies a tiny village, a cluster of red roofs and white blossom in a setting of purest green. Through dale and village there slips haphazard a little stream, its blue flecked with gold by the setting sun, the River Lethe itself, for here by its waters the rush of workaday life ceases, the memory of cities fades away.

A few moments later the car stands outside the "Red Dragon," and brownfaced children finger the dusty panels, for cars are rare in Arcady. The whiteaproned landlord gives the news. "The stream? Yes, sir, in fine order, and the Doctor got a nice basket of trout this morning." How good it all

is and how infinitely remote from the busy world as one lies in bed watching the stars through latticed windows, lulled by the **music** of the stream.

The world is bathed in soft golden light when I leave the inn next morning. The dew lies heavy on the grass. Even so I am not the first abroad, for a short friendly figure with rod and creel turns at my footfall. In all the dales there is no keener fisherman than the Doctor. Each morning he snatches a couple of hours before his surgery opens, though how folk can be sick in Arcady I do not know. We exchange the gossip of a year as we make our way across the wooden bridge to the far end of the village. Here stands an ancient mill, and hard by a shaded pool, ruffled in its midst by the bubbling mill-race. At the edges it is smooth, and even as we watch there comes a liquid "plop" as a fish rises and a circle rippling wider and wider on the water.

The Doctor is using a Black Gnat. I pin my faith to a Green Drake, then, finding that only small fish seem to heed it, change to an Orange Dun. Still, for some reason, the big fellows are off their feed and will not be tempted. Many of those we catch are undersize and must be thrown back, but, even so, the Doctor has taken four or five pounds by breakfast time, and my own basket is almost as heavy.

Above the mill is an old moss-grown weir tucked away among the trees and bushes. There is a special joy for the angler who looks beneath the surface of its eddying waters, for there he will see the heads of wooden piles that vexed poachers long since dead and that are a terror still to those who try to net the trout for which the weir is famous. Here after breakfast I creep with softest tread and peep over the edge. The bleak are fluttering about on the surface, snapping up falling flies and making the water look as if big raindrops were pattering down. Now and again they fly in all directions as a fish shows his tail. Quickly for a bleak! In a few moments I have taken one with a fly and fixed it tenderly by

the lip hook, while a light triangle falls against its side. Now to make a cast Instantly a fish rises. I can see his huge spotted sides as he turns to seize my bait, but I do not get him. Luckily, I did not snatch and he may not be alarmed. Yes, it is so, for as I watch the silver-coated lure coming acres the churning water a dark form hides it for a moment. There is a flash of light from a burnished side, a turn of the wrist and a transfer of the wrist and a tug on the line. The monster is on. He dives, rushes madly round the pool, then flings himself high above the water, so that 1 5. every inch of his magnificent length.

Hook a salmon and it's six to the the fish is yours; but the odds are the other way when you've hooked a trout on fine tackle in a weir pool.

Round and round he travels, in and out among the piles; sometimes it slowly that in spite of my lifting it might be the bottom of the prol which shifts. Lebense shifts. I change my position a varid of two and true to two and try to shurton his rests by wrist strike. My uplifted arm is fixed with cramp and with cramp and impotent; agonising minutes page 6 minutes pass. Suddenly he makes for a patch of wet a patch of water-weed and his tail flicks among the slim sprouts that bend to the surface. It the surface. It is now or never. I dare the last owner. the last ounce of strain to lift him above the water that eddies back beneath ter rush, so that he may have rough water to contend with to contend with. In the nick of time. His nose is above the patch he meant to get under to get under and his momentum taken him amount in initial taken him among the silky weeds linist the edge. He struggles . . . but already the not : already the net is under him.

Twilight is falling when the Doctor calls me softly to the edge of a pool. Is in Look," he says, pointing. Is imagination or can that be a fin in of dim recesses of the weed, a fin fabulous size. It moves, and the startled fry dart right and left.

"I've fished for him for two seasons now," the Doctor adds, and as I gaze in awe it is borne in upon me that I shall spend the cream of a fisherman's carnival in quest of the Unattainable.

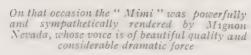
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GOLF.COMPLICATED RULES OF THE

By Charles Ambrose.

Unpleasant "Punishments" which it is hoped will not materialise.

N last month's number of this journal I touched upon the curiously uneven penalties inflicted by the "Rules of Golf Committee" upon transgressors who (1) having played a ball out of bounds may play another with loss of distance only, but (2) having played a ball within the confines of the course, but having lost. or having found it unplayable, must forfeit not only distance but an extra stroke as well.

At first sight the inequity of such legislation seems so glaring that one welcomes a kind of apologia recently published by an eminent authority who seems to act as spokesman for the Rules of Golf Committee, of which he is a distinguished member.

The spokesman begins by admitting that "logic is on the side of the Rules Committee's critics" in this matter, and he finishes up by confessing that he should applaud the Rules Committee's action if they should give us a new rule, running: "The player, having played a stroke, may play another from the same place, adding a penalty stroke to his score for the hole being played '; and if they should, as a corollary, delete from the St. Andrews code all rules superseded by

Thus the spokesman, casting the velvet glove to the winds. But the fact is that the vast majority of golfers now is made up of busy men who like to play the game as a genuine recreation, and to get away from business and excessive pains and penalties when they are playing, and you seldom meet an ordinary golfer who does not think less of strokes and distance too much altogether for a mistake he all too frequently makes; not so much because he may not have deserved it as because it robs the hole of interest. Again, it is sometimes urged that a man who pulls or pushes his drive out of bounds may, with loss of distance only, be better off than his opponent who has put a straighter drive into a bunker, but there is no great reason to suppose that a player who has driven

out of bounds once will put his next shot "up the middle." If he does, he deserves to retrieve his position. can it appear fair to him that if he should happen to lose his ball (an annoying enough episode in itself, at 3s. a time!) within the limits of the course, he should be fined double the penalty imposed on his opponent who has exceeded those limits altogether by a wider shot.

It is all very well for the spokesman to argue that "it is impossible and undesirable that every stroke in a game of golf should meet with exactly the just reward of its merits." Chance, certainly, is the salt of most games, but there is a world of difference between the kind of chance taken in the kick and run of a golf ball, and the chance of scoring by unfair legislation.

Suppose, however, that sentence for going out of bounds or losing your ball were commuted to the uniform penalty of loss of distance only, what about bringing the "unplayable ball" problem into line with them? There is a difficulty here, and the difficulty lies in the definition of an "unplayable" ball. A man may play his ball, say, into a wood; perfectly playable as to lie, but he prefers to go back and play another rather than risk hitting a tree in playing out of the wood. So he says his ball was "unplayable."

If a general rule were necessary at all to meet such contingencies it would admittedly be a difficult one to frame: but while there is a clear case in favour of a uniform penalty for the lost ball and the ball out of bounds-since the actual position of a lost ball obviously cannot be proved—the same disability does not apply to a ball found unplayable. Clubs are allowed to provide locally for balls unplayable in ditches, and the practically universal penalty is to lift and drop behind with the loss of one stroke. What is wrong with this simple rule as applied to a ball unplayable anywhere else?

All the average golfer asks is that the rules he has to remember may be as few and as simple as possible, and

that they may err on the side of leniency rather than on the other.

The spokesman actually wants to "stroke and distance" for lifting an unplayable ball from casual water in a hazard. Apart altogether from the crushing weight of such a punishment, all this walking back to the place the shot was played from tends to congest a crowded course more than any other measure that could be devised, and it is earnestly hoped that these unpleasant "punishments" will not materialize. The game is quite exasperating exasperating enough at times as it is, and if the spokesman gets his way he may defeat his own end, which is presumably the encouragement of golf.

Next month I will deal with the stymic question

A BRILLIANT BOOK.*

It is seldom that real golfing genius —such as both the Wethereds undoubtedly possess—is able to find anything like adequate expression on paper. Yet in this remarkable has been seen as a seen markable book the ordinary, average, painstaking foozler will find an immense amount to help and interest him, without the desperate feeling that what he is groping for is miles over his head—a counsel of perfection he can never hope to reach.

He will find his own little failings and weaknesses understood and appreciated in a way that shows that the authors, young and gifted, and apparently immune from "nerves" they seem to be, have nevertheless clearly "been through it" themselves.

A bond of sympothy is hottered. A bond of sympathy, as between a family doctor and his patient, established at once, and the reader forgets that he is in reality being treated by expert treated by expert nerve specialists for that is what all really great golders have to become have to become in the first place before they can begin to use the more technical side of their game. Wethereds talk of the importance of balance mental balance, mental and physical, in golf:

*"GOLF FROM TWO SIDES." By Roger and Joyce ethered. Longmans, Green & Co. 10s. 6d.

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thus, in putting, "perfection of method is of little avail if the player is prevented by the disposition of his mental balance from putting it into successful execution."

Here be words of wisdom indeed, from a girl of nineteen; and her brother, who might have spoken with all the extra weight of experience which three more years of age had brought him, says that Miss Joyce was so confident that she could deal with the chapter on putting herself, that she would not allow him to have anything to do with it!

Now Miss Wethered's worst enemy

(if she has any) would never accuse her of overconfidence. If she says she can do a thing, that is quite enough for those who know her. "Swank" is a thing she may have heard of, but certainly could not understand. But there is a firmness of purpose about her which does set the crown on her remarkable technical skill as a golfer, as the firmly-holed short putt completes a perfectly played hole. Cyril Tolley, who is a much shrewder observer than he generally gets credit for, and who used to play three-ball matches with Roger Wethered and his sister before any of them had come into the limelight at all, describes Miss Wethered's swing as perfect. It is perfectly true. That, especially as regards putting, is Asset No. 1. There is no variation, from the absolute truth of the perfect pendulum swing, which calls for correction; the

complicated problem of the balance of initial fault and correction does not, therefore, arise to trouble Miss Wethered. Asset No. 2 is the firmness of purpose already alluded to, which ensures singleness of aim.

Recently Miss Wethered has been developing abnormal length in driving, and as it seems to be lengthening naturally, without any conscious effort on her part, she still retains almost perfect control over it. Her iron shots are also abnormally long, equally effortless.

To turn to her brother and collaborator, Roger Wethered. His impressions of American golf, as played in America, are very interesting. Himself a master in "spin," he prefers the "back-spin," used with such deadly effect by the Americans to the sidespin of the J. H. Taylor school.

But although it is well, and well most necessary, to be able to paragraph on a ball at will, it is wise to dispense with it whenever possible, thus keeping the game as simple as you can. This is sound advice, and reminds one of the simple genius of Dohertys at lawn-tennis. When the first American pair—Dwight Davis and Holcombe Ward—came over to this

country with their puzzling twist service, nobody in Royland had over ern it, and the Amer. answalled through the Championship until they came up agamst the Dr. hertys, who beat them without using spin of any kind. Yet Lawric Doherty had been seen practising quietly on a side court, and gettinu on more spin than either of the Americans without any sort of trouble!

And so, in all games, one gets back, after trying mun, expedients. to the supreme value of simple try. It is not that the Wethereds their own with the greates: juggleson sutti it; falst and spin if the) wanted to, the plain, simp. old-fashioned Scottish gami camou raily be maps were upon us essentials. " Play for your

"Play for your are of will take care of themselves us ful all the back tull of the full of the



If we Islanders pride ourselves, as perhaps we may, upon a certain measure of skill with which we play our own national games of cricket and golf, there is little doubt that the palm for grace and almost contemptuous ease in performance must go elsewhere. As a stylist H. S. Malik, the Indian and Oxford golfer and Sussex cricketer, was incomparable in this country, and now that he has returned to India it is probable that his example will have the best possible effect on the rising generation of Eastern golfers.



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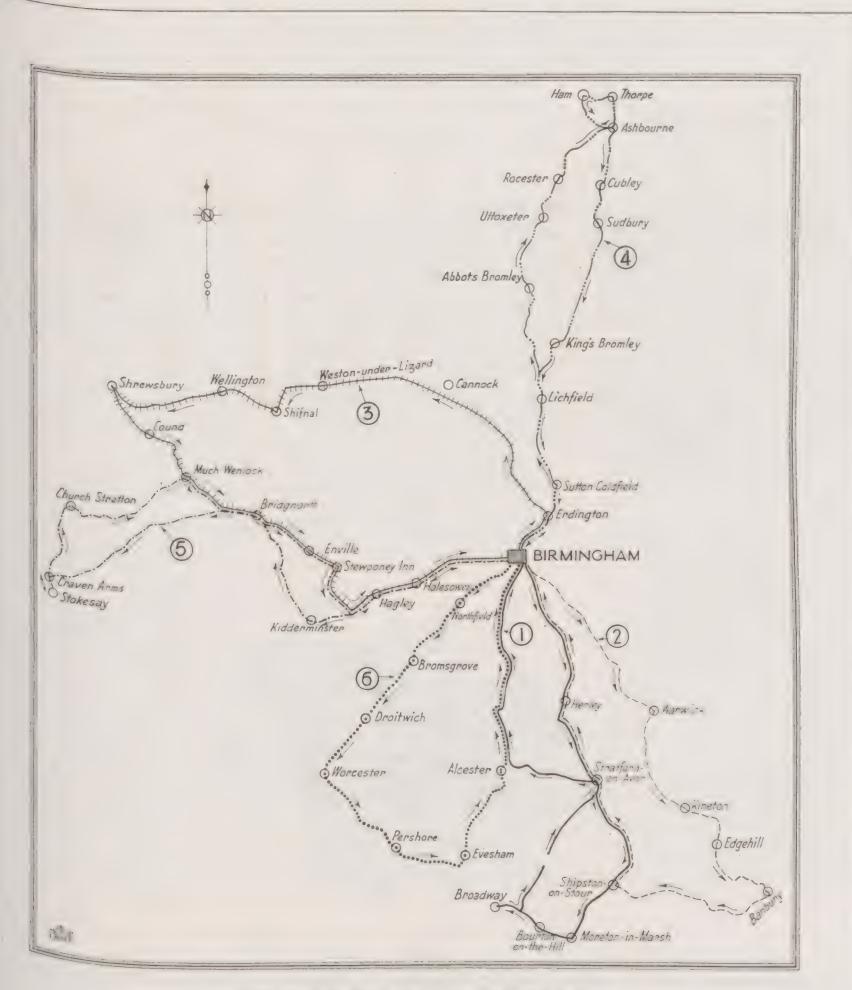
Telephone: Malden 190, 191, 192

London Offices and Showrooms: 477, OXFORD STREET, W.1 Telegraphic Address: Rapsono, Wesdo, London.

Telephone: Mayfair 1096, 1097

SKETCH MAP OF THE DISTRICT.

THE HEART OF THE MIDLANDS.



Sketch map of the districts covered by the runs suggested in the following pages. Each run in the map is indicated by a different type of line, so that even where certain stretches of road are covered in more than one run, the routes are easy to follow.

COTSWOLDS. A N D A B O U TTHE

Run No. 1: Stratford-on-Avon, Moreton-in-Marsh, Broadway, Alcester, Birmingham. Total distance, 92 miles.

HEN you have crossed the famous bridge at Stratfordon-Avon, borne to the right from the Banbury road into the Alderminster-Shipston-Oxford, and traversed it for about 21 miles, you will come to the confines of Alscot Park. And as you run alongside the wall of the park on your further way to the pleasant village of Alderminster you may say to yourself, if you keep an eye on certain short white posts on the road's verges, that here indeed is a road of parts. For within the short distance of half a mile you will find yourself crossing from first one shire—Warwick—into another—Gloucester—and from it into yet a third-Worcester. You might suppose, however familiar you may be with the vagaries of our English internal boundaries, that such a case is unique, whereas it is, except

as to the half mile, merely uncommon, as shortly you may

learn for yourself.

About 11 miles beyond Alderminster there stands, opposite to one of the lodges of Ettington Park, a square stone pillar, a glorified milestone. It is shaded by a big elm, is emblazed on two sides with heraldic devices, and the other two share these inscriptions:

"To Shakespeare's Town, whose Name

Is known throughout the Earth"

and-

"To Shipston 2, whose lesser fame

Boasts no such poet's birth.'

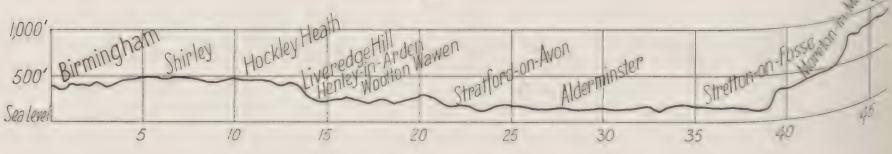
Farther on, by two miles or so, the Stratford-Shipston road crosses the Fosse Way, the great Roman road from Lincoln, across the middle of England, to Exeter and, as well, the place where the waters of the Axe merge with the waters of our Southern Sea. You bear to the right into the Fosse, and 2½ miles onward drive first out of Worcestershire back into Warwickshire and then, in 2 miles, in crossing a brook that rejoices in the name of Paddle, regain the Gloucestershire whose limited acquaintance you made a few miles back. As to the 7-mile stretch of the Fosse from the crossways on the Stratford-Shipston road to Moreton-in-Marsh, it is typical of our English Roman roads. marches pretty nearly dead straight, and is a lonely stretch. It nods to near hills on the west and to distant

in the east, and so is less dreary than certain long stretches of the same road farther north; but no value has made free with it, nor even a hamlet hamlet. Several villages re close neighbours to it, as other villages neighbour the neighbour the 16-mile stretch the Lincoln to Newark; but Stretch, the closest of all, though it gives its address as "on the Fosse," is actually wide of it—not far, it is true, aloof enough to belie the creetness of aloof enough to belie the exactness of the address and to prove, if proof were needed that were needed, that the early builders of our villages our villages were possessed with an ineradicable dist possessed with may ineradicable distaste for, or it may have been fear of, the ways of the old imperial traff.

Moreton-in-Marsh, then, considering at its main that its main street coincides with the Fosse Way. Fosse Way, would seem by analogy, to be a comto be a comparatively modern settle.

ment. It is old enough, granted, to have to have provided a lodging the Charles the Division the Charles the First during and great war of his day than making, but that was less three three centuries ago, and will are three are three centuries to a counti, whose hist whose history ante-dates Anno that Domini? Tradition says that the King slept at the Hart on Hart on a night in July, half and the little half-ancient, half-modern modern town keeps the King's memory green by preserving in, curiously enough, its cotage hospital—the chair, cushion and the footstool he used at his trial. genuineness of the relics vouched for by the Bristol and Glouceston by the Bristol Gloucestershire Archæological Society, from whose papers you





AN EERIE STRETCH.

may learn that the relics were deposited with the folk of Moreton by a Mr. Sands Cox, who obtained them from Lady Fane, of Little Compton, a descendant of Bishop Juxon, who in his document of the Elizahis day was the owner of the Elizabeth Compton, bethan manor house of Little Compton, 4 miles south-east of Moreton, and lived at it in retirement during the Commonwealth. As to the White Hart, it—in an angle of the London road and the Fosse turned Moreton High Street—vouches for itself.

The High Street of Moreton does not discredit either the memorable visit or the possibly priceless relics—genuine, as has been said—or even the visit. It visit and the relics conjointly. shows you, this Moreton High Street, that even a Roman road can be made better than merely tolerable by being turned into an English town street. Half way down the pleasing street our way turns off to the right and fares towards those westerly hills that are road from the Fosse. In two miles the bills. road wins to the foot of the hills, whence it labours up and up, through Bourton, on to a high plateau, a part and parcel of a very noble group or chain of hills that, termed the Cotswolds, deserves to be famous but, fortunately for such of us as set store by Peace and quietude, remains for the

not part an undiscovered country. One would like to extol the beauty of the Bourton that very properly it form suffix "on-the-Hill," but as it formed something of the subject-matter of an article on English villages in the March issue of The Motor-Owner, one had need refrain, lest one should run the other fellow off his pen (as one may say) or prove one's self a cook of the Broadway, of the succeeding village, Broadway, its wide thoroughfare decked with stately old stone houses, gabled, with mullion old stone houses, gabled, with mullion windows, and its saucy little green windows, and its saucy write one might also be tempted to write one might also be tempts.
Subject were it not that it was the Subject of a full-dress article in this journal of a full-dress article in this Journal so recently as last November. Still, there is left for one the open road and and the road itself is road, and, after all, the road itself is often as ingratiating a thing as the

most ingratiating of the appurtenances thereof, not excluding even that most excellent of the appurtenances, the good inn. And the eight-mile stretch of the open road from Moreton to Broadway is, one would assure you, a notably worthy stretch. It is a stretch of variety, and one of the varieties is of a sort that is not commonly associated with those of our English Midlands that lie south of the socalled Peak District of Derbyshire and the high moors of North Staffordshire-moors that are even less known than the Cotswolds. Those Cotswolds, as seen from the Fosse, and from the level stretch from Moreton to the near edge of Bourton-on-the-Hill, are woody, and the way up them through Bourton is a very gracious way, say the engine what it may. But when you have crested the long rise, lo! you have exchanged the pastoral for the wild, ordered hedgerows for rough stone walls, unmortared, as the stone walls of the Staffordshire moorlands, and, as the walls of the mountain limestone region of Derbyshire, so uniformly grey as to give you the notorious "cold shudders" on a rainy day. Moreover, the stretch from the crest of Bourton Hill to the crest of Broadway Hill is a very lonely stretch. There is a short row of quarrymen's cottages just over the one crest, and on the other a solitary inn-The

Fish-from which Broadway takes its other name—Fish Hill. But between those two points, a distance of 41 miles, there is neither village nor hamlet, nor does even a farmhouse abut on to or stand near enough to the road to discount the loneliness. Five Mile Drive, which begins so far as our road is concerned with the lodge gates of Dovedale, has a screen of beechwoods on each side, except where lately great gaps have been made by Enough of the screens refelling. main, however, to make the drive a somewhat eerie stretch on, say, a wild autumn night; and the full length of this way across the tops of the wolds may well have been deemed an evil length by travellers by the London-Worcester coach in the "good old days.'

The descent from the Fish Inn down into Broadway, winding and steep enough to prompt to reasonably careful driving, makes a fine change from the bleak uplands and the dead straightness of Five Mile Drive. And when, having turned off to the north from Broadway's alluring main street, you have won past a new, a less delectable part of the village on to the open road for Stratford-on-Avon, your eye may be gladdened at sight of still other hillsthose that, as Dover Hill, buttress the Cotswolds in the north-west. flanks of all are more or less wooded. and on and within short hail of the road is a succession of villages not one of which is mean. Willersey, for instance, which stands next to Broadway-one may fancy that it might prove famous were Broadway to be transplanted in another county, say, Lancashire. And because the road is given to twisting and turning, so that sometimes you have the hills over your shoulder and sometimes seem to be heading straight for them, and also because of the cheerful villages, you may deem this Broadway-Stratford road a "find." At any rate it is in the hope that you will that one takes you back to Stratford and thence across Red Hill to Alcester, instead of by the route Broadway-Evesham-Alcester.



Pion-on-the-Hill ABBOT REGINALDS FISH HITT PATEWAY - EVESHAM. Kings Heath Willersley Subedge Weston Subedge Inkford Strafford-on-Avon Studley Gorgott Hill Lower Clapton Poadway Mickleton Red Hill Alcester Birmingham 55 60 65 70 75 80 85 90 95



ACROSS EDGE HILL.

Run No. 2: Warwick, Kineton, Edge Hill, Banbury, Shipston-on-Stour, Stratford-on-e Iven, Birmingham. Total Distance, 91 miles.

THERE is scenery on this round, including a great view; historical interest, and likewise architectural. There is a hill to be climbed that is, if not notorious, at any rate too stiff to be derided for a mere pimple; and the going is, generally speaking, quite decent, with a fair measure of the sort that is conveniently termed give-and-take. From the point where, two miles out from Warwick, we bear to the left for Barford and Wellesbourne all the way round the irregular triangle, by Banbury, that town of old addicted to cakes and ale, to Stratford-on-Avon we travel over roads that are seldom, if ever, uncomfortably crowded. And so, one consideration with another, here you have a round upon which a discriminating man might be pleased to embark three times a year for all the years of his life. So let us get on with it.

Barford—there are a thousand villages in England as pretty, and as to Wellesbourne—ours is the Hastings, not the Mountford, next door-you may deem the crossways two miles beyond preferable. There, atop a heavily-wooded hill, the Banbury road crosses the centuried Fosse Way. It is a crossways for loitering on a sunny day, but can be eerie after nightfall, especially on such nights as the wind goes soughing through the woods. As likely as not there is a bury-hole beneath the crossways containing the bones or ashes of prehistoric men, and perhaps here once stood a gibbet. At any rate, it seems a cut-throat place, this crossways, even in daylight, under a leaden sky. The road,

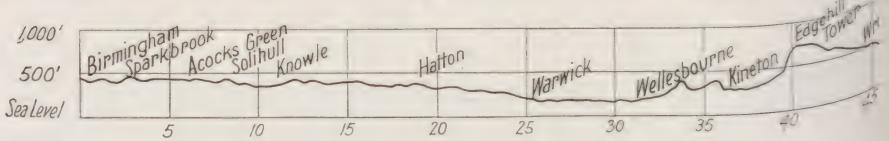
heavily fringed on each side by the woods of Compton Verney Park, goes tumbling from the crossways into a hollow from which, on either hand, spreads a noble stretch of open park-land, on one side rising and on the other gently falling between low woody hills. On both sides the green is diversified by the blue of a mere, and on the left, within a stone's-cast of the road, and fronting it, nestles Compton Verney House, a pseudo-classical building, below a wooded background. The road is bridged across the waist of the mere. It rises out from the hollow between other woods, and then, having fallen again, wins into Kineton, a place in touch with High History.

It was here, at Kineton, that Lord



Essex rested his forces on the eve of the first full-dress battle of the Civil War; hither that the next day Sunday, October 23rd, 1642—Prince Rupert doubtless 23rd, 1642—Prince Rupert, doubtless brave, unquestionably mastarful ably masterful, and, also unquestionably, obsessed with his own royal importance observed by the state of the importance, chased the left wing in Essex's army, and wasted an hour in looting the looting the enemy's baggage-wagons, left what time, with the Cavaliers' put forced, his reveal forced, his royal uncle was being put to flight and his to flight and his standard taken. the battle hang tales that are not told in the histories in the history books. The fighting began about three o'clock in afternoon, while the bells of Kineton, of Radway, and of Transcripting of Radway, and of Tysoe were ringing the countryfolk to evening service.

The clerk of Transcriptions The clerk of Tysoe, hearing the guns, jumped we improve the suns. jumped up in church, called out 'Ad dam 'um, they're at it!' the rushed from the church with parson and his goal fall sing pellparson and his flock following pattle mell. A few days before the battle Rupert, having Rupert, having received a message delivered by Lord Falkland, had immeasurably superior man. declared that he would asknowledge. declared that he would acknowled no orders, in march or in battle, put from the King himself. The patents from the King himself. The of Lindsey, the King's Lieute har the General, saw that the Prince have the claimed his claimed his control also, and so, tearer. ease matters for the King, who feared to put his need to to put his nephew in full command, agreed to a mand was given to a General Ruthvell, who had so who had served in the same army put Germany as Rupert, and Lindsey put himself on foot, at the head of the King's Guards, in the centre of the first line, and thus remained "answer able for the fate of an army drawn able for the fate of an army drawn





out by another, and the whole of the right wing of which was commanded by a rash man who would take no Orders from him." Some say it was Lindsey, others Sir Jacob Astley, who uttered the famous prayer-cum-exhortation, "O Lord! Thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me.

March on, boys!"

The site of the Battle of Edgehill is marked by the map-makers as being on the level, a little to the south of the Kineton-Banbury road, about two miles out from Kineton. But the King had 14,000 foot and 400 horse, and Essex commanded between 12,000 and 13,000 troops in all, so that the site would be less circumscribed than cartographer's marking. fight raged right across the line of our road and, as well, along it; and the way of the road from the level to the top of Edge Hill, to this day called Battle Hill, was also within the firing The three-mile stretch from Kineton to the foot of this Battle Hill is an enjoyable one. The left front is bounded by the Burton Hills, on the highest of which a fire was lighted on the night of the battle to advise Watchers on the beacon above Ivinghoe, who, in turn, flashed the news to London by another fire. ahead, and extending along the travel-Straight ler's right front, is the long ridge of the hill after which the battle is named. The hill mounts steeply from the levels, the Vale of Red Horse, and its flank, bare at the time of the battle, is thickly clothed with beeches planted about 150 years ago. The beeches despoil one of a view from the winding way of Battle Hill, and also from the length of the Banbury road along the ridge. But about half a mile beyond the top of Battle Hill there stands, on the right-hand side of the road, at a height of 700 ft. above sea-level, a high tower that, however much a sham tower that, however much a sham, makes a capital coign and, pace those who sneer at it, looks picturesque from the vale. counties, they say, may be seen from it on sight of it on a clear day, including a sight of far-away hills, as the Wrekin, the

Clees, the Malverns, and certain of the Cotswolds; and, moreover, the tower, built about 1750, is on the reputed place where the King's Standard was set up in anticipation of the battle which, as we have seen, was fought

down on the plain.

A short distance farther on the Kineton-Banbury road links up with the Stratford-Banbury, fresh from its heavy climb up the Sunrising. Near the road junction stands Upton House, of which an old story of a runaway marriage might be told had one the space, and three miles beyond it, on a little sward, on the right-hand side of the road, a stone pillar, its headpiece topped with a ball, that "First given by Mr. Fr. White in the year 1686," professes to mark several ways and mileages—to Banbury, to Stratford, and to Chipping Norton. Follows Wroxton, a delightful village of stone and thatch and ivy, after it Drayton, less prim but also pic-turesque, and then Banbury, a place whose name is even more blessed than that blessed word Mesopotamia. For who among us has not at one time or another gone galloping, galloping to the jolly old rhyme,

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury

Cross,

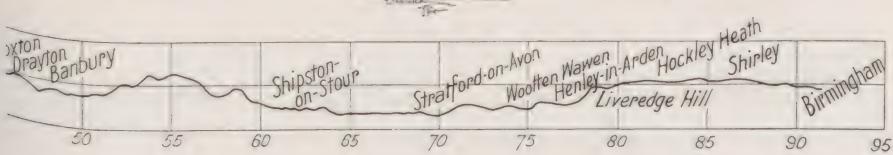


To see a fine lady ride on a white horse."

and so on?

Alas! the cross is not the one of the rhyme. The Puritans did away with the original, and the present is as modern as 1859. Nor of Banbury Castle, which played a by no means unimportant part in the Civil War, is any stone left standing. Gone, too, are the town walls, the old gates, and the great church, "more like a cathedral than a parish church." Yet who rambles about the town may happen across occasional evidences of antiquity, and there are at least two shops at which the sentimental traveller may regale himself on the famous cakes, made, he may be told, from a recipe that has been kept a secret since Shakespeare's and Ben Jonson's days. There are several picturesque old houses in the market place, and the Globe Inn, with gates dated 1570, and, looking into the stable yard, a fine Tudor window, heavily mullioned, is still worth seeing, although the famous panelling and ceiling of its Globe Room have been transplanted to America.

The Banbury-Shipston road, little frequented, is notable for two good things—Broughton Castle and the fine high tower of Brailes Church. Broughton, a little over two miles out from Banbury, takes its name from the De Broughtons, from whom the castle passed in the fourteenth century to William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, founder of Winchester College, the most ancient of our great public schools, and of New College, Oxford. He left it to a nephew, with whose daughter it passed, by lawful marriage, to a Fiennes, Lord Saye and Sele, in the occupation of one of whose descendants, the present Lord Saye and Sele, it remains. The castle is surrounded by a moat, but is become more mansion than castle, very mixed architecturally, but uncommonly state-It is at once a good thing and a bad one to end on—good because it alone might be held to justify this little journey of ours; bad because it is a storied thing and one's space is running out.





"ALL ROUND THE WREKIN."

Run No. 3: Brownhills, Shifnal, Wellington, Shrewsbury, Much Wenlock, Bridgnorth,
Birmingham. Total distance, 102 miles.

THE length of the Old Chester Road from the crossways at Erdington to the gaunt fingerpost on Brownhills Common that marks the merging of the one old road into another-Watling Streetthat is older still, is no great shakes except as a means towards an end; nor is Watling Street westward from the gaunt finger-post a thing of which to brag. The passage of Church Bridge and Bridgetown is frankly horrid, and not less horrid is the way of the Street through St. George's and Oakengates. There is a long rural stretch between the one passage and the other, and the way through the curiously named Weston-under-Lizard is positively pretty. But the Street is so dead straight as to become wearisome, and so one can conceive that nine travellers in ten-perhaps even ninety-nine in a hundred—may be glad, except when their hurry is desperate, to switch off it by the time they have won to Weston. The Street mounts through that well-kept village, and then falls to a crossways that is scarcely noticeable, so woody is the neighbourhood and so well set back are the mouths of the side roads. But turn into the side road on the left and you will find that the going is quite decent and the fairway a reasonable width; also that the way of the road alongside Weston Park, a very fair domain indeed, is finely bordered on each side with elms and Spanish chestnuts and oaks and beeches-such beeches as shall set you exclaiming, if you are, as surely every good roadman should be, a lover of trees. From this delectable side road, marked for Tong and Albrighton, you may see, through the screen of trees

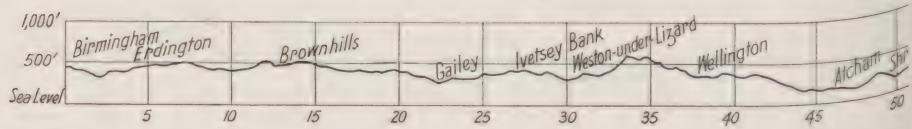
on the right, a low isolated hill, called Lizard Hill, from which Weston takes its defining "under-Lizard," and farther on, from a little rise in the neighbourhood of a crossways—left to Brewood and right for Shifnal—a fair view of which the most noticeable features are the fine octagonal tower of Tong church, the blue of a mere, and a big multi-towered house, extraordinarily ornate—Tong Castle, as it is called.

We, intent on Shifnal, might turn right from the crossways, but it would be a pity to miss the view, and also a pity to miss Tong, a picturesque village, of which Dickens took advan-



tage, with a church that has been dubbed, by no means inaptly, village Westminster Abbey." There is much to be said of Tong—so much that were one to say all one would not have space left for anything else. And so, with a long journey before us and an interesting, it were better to leave chatter about Tong to another day. The forward road from the crossways joins up with the Wolverhampton-Newport road near Tong church. turn to the right there, and in about a quarter mile branch left from the New port road into a pleasant by-way that heads straight for Shifnal. Follows, after a double turn in that town first left, and immediately after right a stretch of the Holyhead road, through Priorslee, to a junction with Watling Street at the "Unicorn " at Ketley. The neighbourhood of Priorslee is unless the street with the street at the "Unicorn " at Ketley. The neighbourhood of Priorslee is unless the street with the street at the "Unicorn " at Ketley. The neighbourhood of Priorslee is unless the street at the str lee is unlovely, but less so than St. George's and Oakengates, both which places are at our rear when we roll down from the roll down from the "Unicorn," with the combined Holyhead road and Watling Street, towards Wellington. As to the cost of the détour, it—three miles with the détour, it—three miles with the beechen road alongside Weston Park and the lovable village of Tong thrown in, and with the passage of St. George's and Oakengates, these evil twin places, avoided, is not worth reckoning unless, as one has said, the

one might enlarge on the Wrekin as seen from the neighbourhood of Wellington, but as every traveller who follows the grand stretch from the Cock" at Wellington to the English Bridge, across the Severn, at "proud Salop must inevitably see that noble hill with his own eyes—for, indeed,





it is an obtrusive hill—one will refrain. One may remark, however, that it is claimed for the Wrekin that it has a broader base than any other hill of Corresponding height—1,335 ft. above sea-level—in England, and add that it is unsafe to say anything derogatory about the Wrekin, whether as to its dignity or its beauty, to any living Salopian soul, honest or criminal. The Wrekin is a hallowed hill, more hallowed than the hallowed even in Shropshire than the lordly Severn. Indeed, so very hallowed is the shaggy hill that "All round the Wrekin " memorial, and still is, the toast of among School and among Salopians everywhere. pride in the Wrekin might give the idea that there is only one hill in all the county, whereas in reality there is units Quite a sight of hills, some, as Clee, Brown Clee, the Lengmynd and Caer Caradoc, climbers than the hill of hills. From this very road the traveller sees Caradoc, a naked hill; Wenlock Edge, a woody-crested, long, razor-edged; and the Torrested, long, razor-edged; and the Longmynd on his left front, and, far away ahead, the triple-hummocked Breidden Admiral Rodney Breiddens, with the Admiral Rodney

Pillar conspicuous on the highest. About six miles short of Shrewsbury you may notice, on the left, standing back for notice, and bighway, an back from the great highway, an inn called the "Horse Shoe." a sort of house at which one would expect to be served with a luncheon à la Ritz or Carlton or, equally good but for all the way, the Waterloo Bar, but for all that it may be deemed a landmark of import. For there Wat-great and the late Mr. Telford's great western highway part company for good and all, after having marched in constant all, after having marched in consort for many miles of the long journes of the long journey from London. The Street soes off obliquely to the left for what is non-the is now Wroxeter, but then, when the legionaries the Street, legionaries trudged it along the Street, was It have was Uriconium or Viroconium—have it which you will—while the Holyhead road on you will—while the Holyhead road continues in a straight course for Shrewsh Shrewsbury, still by old-fashioned as Shrowber be any left! spoken of as Shrowsbury

Here, in Shropshire's capital, you have enough relics of Time Was to keep you going throughout a long summer day. The very names of the streets are enticing, as Pride Hill, Wyle Cop, Mardol, Frankwell, Port Hill, and so on; and as to the streets themselves there is surely not one but has a mediæval house, or several, to show. But one must be wary in writing of the old town. Merely to catalogue its good points would prove vexatious to one's self, who loves them, and unhelpful to the reader, who, perhaps, may learn to love a town that in some respects is preferable to even the vaunted Chester.

We depart from Shrewsbury as we entered it, only that from the towering Lord Hill Monument we bear right from the London road into the Wenlock. The going is easy through Cound, to Cressage; the scenery, because of Wenlock Edge and the distant Wrekin, engaging. From Cressage, on Severn shore, our road goes off to the right, and is undulating



on the farther way to Harley. Thereafter it climbs up Harley Hill, long and steep, with a gradient of I in 8, a sort of gradient to give an ill-tuned engine Gee-up! If you funk it-but of course you won't, so why waste time and space in telling you how, by going by way of Atcham and Buildwas to Wenlock, you may dodge the heavy climb? It will be better to advise you that Much Wenlock is the place of a once-great abbey; that the remains of the abbey—the domestic buildings, as well as the church—are considerable; that here are stocks and whippingposts, an old half-timbered market hall, the gateway to a house in which Charles I. was entertained on his way from Shrewsbury to the fight below Edge Hill, and other sights for your historical and æsthetic consideration. It is a choicer place for a summer evening's leisurely ramble, the writer thinks, than Bridgnorth, though Bridgnorth takes up a greater space than Wenlock in most of the guide-books. Not that one would belittle Bridgnorth, the leaning tower of its old Norman castle and the great view of the Severn therefrom, so much as that one would have justice done to the place, high-up under the lee of the great edge that is also called Wenlock.

We leave Bridgnorth by the Stourbridge road, which branches to the left from Hospital Street, which, in the Lower Town, gives into the Kidderminster road. We keep to the Stourbridge road for mile after mile, through Enville and Stourton, and then, from a crossways half a mile beyond Stourton—that is to say from an inn called the "Stewponey"—turn right into the Wolverhampton-Kidderminster road. We follow that road, through Whittington, to the Caunsall Crossways (2½ miles), whence, having branched left, we shortly reach a crossways on the Stourbridge-Kidderminster road named Catchems End. We make a quiet double turn there—left and right -repeat the performance at the Churchill Crossways, a mile farther on, and in yet another mile join, below the Kidderminster-Birming-Hagley, ham road. And so home.

ewsbury Cound Cressage Much Wenlock

Bridgnors ix Ashes

Enville Stewnoney Imm

Hagley Halosower Mucklow Hill

Birmingham

Stewnoney Free Stewnoney Imm

Birmingham

Birmingham

105



LOVELIEST VALLEY IN ENGLAND. THE

Run No. 4: Lichfield, Uttoxeter, Ashbourne, Dovedale, Sudbury, Birmingham. Total distance, 98 miles.

OW Dovedale, the Dovedale nigh Ashbourne, not the one that climbs up from Blockley to the bleak Moreton-in-Marsh-Broadway road, is so wholly delectable a thing that it still might be deemed a right proper objective were all the way from Birmingham to Ashbourne as depressing as the road from Birmingham to Wolverhampton. For this Dovedale, to which two noble counties lay each a claim, is in its way unmatched in not England alone but all the British Isles. Moreover, that way-wood and rock and green strath and running water in combinationis a way that appeals, surely, to men and women of all tastes, and even to children, to say nothing of those others who have no taste at all. No wonder then that Dovedale has been praised in prose and verse. Rather is the wonder that while some of the prose, as rare old Izaak Walton's, is excellent, precious little of the verse is comparable with Charles Cotton's

"O my beloved Nymph, fair Dove! Princess of rivers! How I love Upon thy flowery banks to lie!"

Fortunately, the way from Birmingham to Ashbourne is nothing like so depressing as the Wolverhampton road. The way lies through Lichfield, in which town we have to make only one turn, to the left, into St. John Street. In the near angle stands St. John's Hospital, a row of almshouses, founded in the fifteenth century by Bishop Smyth, of Lincoln, who also founded Brasenose College, Oxford. To outward view from St. John Street its most remarkable feature is a row of eight massive chimneys, once red brick, now black with age and smoke, rising straight up from the street, with the buttress of each claiming a share of the pavement. The house in which Dr. Johnson was born, and his statue, both in the Market-place, are a little off our route, to the right, and so is the Cathedral. But end on to St. John Street is Bird Street, and end on to it Beacon Street, which gives into the Rugeley road, our way. And from Bird Street we get a view through an opening on our right, of the famous Minster Pool and the "Ladies of the Vale," as the three spires of the Cathedral are sometimes called; while if we explore the first street beyond the gracious openingit turns off from a rise, and is an oldfashioned street, very sedate yet stately—we shall come, in less than a hundred yards, full view on to the

richly wrought west front of the Cathedral, "a very Te Deum in stone.

over a mile from the edge of Lichfield, there are two roads to Rugeley, one straight ahead and the other to right. Our work is right. Our way lies along the latter as far as the near edge of Handsacre, and then to the right from it, heading North of Abbots Bromley, the road skirts Bagot's Wood, which, with the adjoining Bagot's Park to the Park, to the east of the wood, it the perhaps the most considerable of the remnants of the considerable of the remnants. remnants of old Needwood Forest.
Anciently Needwood comprised most
of the wide of the wide countryside between that rivers Trent, Dove and Blyth, so that it all but is it all but joined up with Cannock. Chase, also a royal deer preserve through long centuries. But as with the once-great Chase, so with the Forest—both works. Forest—both were disafforested years ago—Needwood by an Act of Parliament of real ment of 1801—and in neither now do deer roam wild

deer roam wild. Yet as Cannock is not in all its part.

in all its parts given over to pit shalls and slag has been over to pit shalls

and slag heaps, neither are all the giants of Needwood turned into timber. There remain for

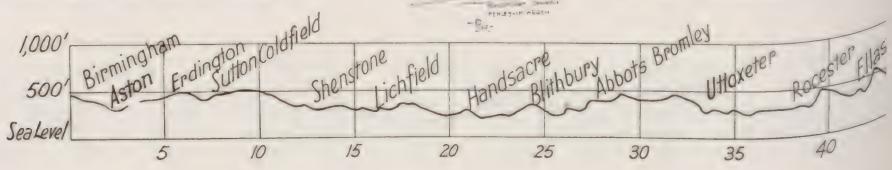
There remain fine stretches of heather

and woodland to the one region, and in the other

From the Constitution Inn, a little

in the other a number of oaks fit to Uttoxeter is dear to Johnsonians as rank as specimen trees. the place where the Doctor, late in life, did penance for having once, in his youth refused to youth, refused to attend his father it the weekly tool the weekly task of keeping a bookstall in the market in the market-place. There the great man stood bookst man stood bareheaded in the market-place for an all the market. place, for, as he himself once related, "a considerable time, in very ,, he weather. In contrition I stood."





JOHNSONIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

added, "and I hope the penance was expiatory." Ashbourne also has Johnsonian associations, and Ellastone knew first Jean Jacques Rousseau and, later, George Eliot, as Mayfield was acquainted with Tom Moore. Jean Jacques, shortly after he had been driven from France, was given an asylum at Wootton Hall, near Ellastone. He remained there for over a year, 1766-7, during which period he began to write the famous Confessions, and, depend upon it! created no little stir among the hall servants and the villagers of

"Wootton under Weever Where God comes never,"

and of Ellastone. For neither Rousseau nor his companion, Thérèse le Vasseur, had any English, nor the servants a word of French, so that signs had to do the work of speech; and Rousseau's garb a long gown and belt and a black velvet cap with gold tassels would naturally create remark and, it may be suspected, covert merriment. No wonder the gossips got busy—that the foreign gentleman, much addicted to botanising, was by some declared to be a king in exile, and by others a necromancer. The hall, an eighteenthentury house, is less intrinsically interesting than Wootton Lodge, two miles from Ellastone, on the road to Cheadle. The Lodge, a true Elizabethan house, very stately, with a fine flight of entrance steps that was added when William of Orange was king, was garrisoned for Charles in the Civil War, yet, surprising to relate, Went unscathed after its surrender to a strong force of Parliamentarians.

Ellastone itself is the Hayslope of Adam Bede, with the Bromley Arms One might tarry here in order to pursue the interesting subject of this Staffordshire village, but were one to do so one would have to leave Dovedale till another day. Nor of Tom anything more than that there he

wrote Lalla Rookh, and, moved by the sound of the bells of Ashbourne, also composed the artless yet haunting verses of which this is the first:

"Those evening bells! Those evening

How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and home and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing
chime."

The bells of Ashbourne are well housed. One need not be an ecclesiologist in order to enjoy the church, for it is indeed a graceful building, set in a wide graveyard, and the tower and spire, admirably proportioned, reach to a height of 212 feet. The church is rich in old monuments, a number of which, effigied, are to members of a knightly family, the Cokaynes, that held the manor of Ashbourne four and five centuries agone. Also there is one, a sculpture by Banks, of an infant girl prone on a mattress, that is commonly accounted as beautiful a piece as any to be found in an English parish church. It represents Penelope Boothby, daughter of Sir Brooke Boothby and Dame Susannah, and bears the touching inscription, "The bears the touching inscription, unfortunate Parents ventured their all on this frail Bark, and the wreck was total." From which you may

gather that Penelope was an only child, but not that, as old Ashbourne gossips allege, Sir Brooke and his dame parted from one another on the day of the funeral and never again met on earth. All the way from Uttoxeter to Ash-

bourne we have been traversing, roughly, the Valley of the Dove. But between the Dove Valley and Dovedale there is a world of difference. The valley has a reasonably good taste for scenery, but falls far short of the dale in that respect. And whereas the one is not chary of displaying its beauty, the other is as bashful as sweet sixteen. You climb the steep ascent from Ashbourne market-place out on to the Bakewell and Buxton road, keep on with that road for a mile, and then take a by-way on the left marked for Thorpe. In two miles you come to the Dog and Partridge, and turning left again, presently reach the gate of the Peveril of the Peak. Farther on, through Thorpe village, there is a steep descent to the Dove, beyond which, half a mile short of Ilam, stands the Izaak Walton. From any one of those three houses Dovedale can be reached, but only afoot. The walk from the Peveril, or from the Izaak Walton, to the entrance to the dale is something under a mile in length; the distance from the entrance to the Straits, a narrow passage into Mill Dale, and thence farther upstream to Beresford Dale, is two miles. One might go over the points of the dale for you the river, sparkling and musical; the high woods on the Staffordshire side, their fine variety and striking perpendicularity; and the rocks, some of them bordering on the fantastic-but, to do so would surely be to labour the matter. Let it suffice to say that the time spent on those two miles will prove time uncommonly well spent, and that even Chantrey's graceful sculpture in Ilam Church, or Ilam itself, a model village in a glorious setting, or anything you may see on the alternative way back from Ashbourne to Lichfield must inevitably be discounted by the previous very joyous passage of Dovedale.







AMONG THE SALOPIAN HIGHLANDS.

Kidderminster, Bridgnorth, Stokesay Castle, Church Stretton, Much Wenlock, Birmingham. Total distance, 120 miles.

NE takes you to Kidder-minster not for love of the place—far from it—but for variety's sake. The easiest way to Bridgnorth is by Hagley, Catchems End, the Stewponey, and Enville, as described the reverse way in the journey "All Round the Wrekin." But as on this journey, too, it is suggested that you should return by that other route, one may surmise that perhaps you will appreciate the chance to reach Bridgnorth by a somewhat different. The Kidderminster-Bridgnorth road affords such a chance. In the old bicycling days it used to be rated a plaguy road, but in those days men's judgments of roads were governed, to an extent at any rate, by the fact that they themselves had to do the donkey work except downhill. But those roadmen of a past generation had never a word to say against the scenery of the road in question. It was the gradients-a succession of them-they deplored, as would you were you to take that road on a pushbicycle weighing 50 lb. avoirdupois or, say, a tricycle that, with gadgets and personal luggage, might turn the scale at a hundredweight. The gradients, of course, remain to this day—the whole long line of them-but the donkey work is now done by an engine, not at the expense of sweat and muscle fatigue, and therein is a distinction with a difference. And the scenery—well, the road still runs pretty nearly parallel with the Severn, and Severn has an eye for a countryside. It is not to be fobbed off with an oleograph made in Germany. Moreover, Severn hereabouts is no mere trickle. It takes a full-sized bed, and so the road, though it and the river do not meet

till they reach Quatford, two miles short of Bridgnorth, overlooks from the tops of the gradients a finely wooded vale backed by Brown Clee (1,792 ft.) and Titterstone Clee (1,749 ft.),

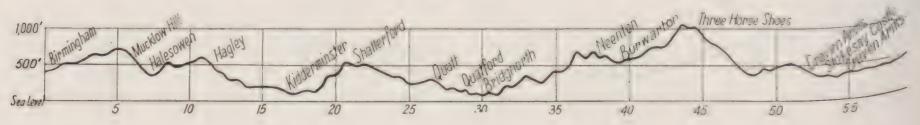
"Those mountains of commande, Like loving twinnes, that stande Trans severed."

In Bridgnorth Lower Town, into which our road carries us, there are one or two things to see—Cann Hall, old enough to have given a lodging to Prince Rupert when, at the beginning of the Civil War, he and the king were beating up recruits in Shropshire and sending S.O.S.'s into Wales; also, a little to the right from the bridge, the birth-house of Bishop Percy, of



Reliques of Ancient Poetry fame—a black-and-white building inscribed, Except the Lord build the Owse, the Labourers thereof evail not." Erecte by R. Fox, 1580." The leaning keep, sole remnant of a Norman castle that played a part in history in mediæva. times and again in the Civil War, belongs to the Upper Town, as the seventeenth century town hall, a halftimbered building on stone arcades, St. Leonard's Church, and St. Mary's the latter was built by our friend Ton Telford—the Grammar School, Elizabethan, and the house of Richard Baxter, author of a once famous book, The Saint's Rest. Indeed, this town, cut in halves by Severn, and so old as to have had a Saxon name—Brugmight well serve as an objective of an easy day journey from Birmingham for travellers who assess their pleasure by things seen rather than by sherr

The writer is himself of that kidney, and so would fain dwell upon Bridgnorth's old stories and explain the saying, "All on one side, like a Bridgnorth election." But the road calls one down Corve Dale, and Stokesay Castle beckons; Church Stretton asks to be remembered, and Wenlock Edge will not be denied. And so, having climbed the heavy hill from the Lower Town to the Upper, let us turn left into Listley Street, lett again into Salop Road, and farther on, from the far edge of Morville, you again incline to the left, this time from the Wenlock and Shrewsbury road, for Monkhopton and the way along the dale to Craven Arms. A little-frequented way, this down Corve Dale; and the dale itself pleasing. It is 50 pleasing, yet nothing more, that



"UNDISCOVERED" ENGLAND.

nobody writes to the papers about it; nobody has made word pictures of it; not even a guide-book merchant has gushed over it. In a word, or at most only a few words, Corve Dale, tucked close under the uncommonly long ridge Called Wenlock Edge, and with an outlook south towards Brown Clee Ifill, is a bit of what in Fleet Street they dub Undiscovered England.

Here, in this sequestered dale, all is pastoral. It is a valley of green fields and brown, inviting woods, and little communities of husbandmen that, with their be-towered churches and snug Parsonages, might well set a townsman wondering whether the game of life as played among streets of bricks and mortar and smoking chimneys is, after all, worth the candle. At Shipton, wide of our road by but a negligible fraction of a mile, is a real old Elizabethan house, gabled, set in a garden as old-fashioned as the house itself; at Munslow, lower down the dale, two inns, one half-timbered and the other a house in which of old the Courts Leet of a hundred used to be held. A bit of Undiscovered England, forsooth! Why there's Saxon work, as well as Norman, in Diddlebury Church—only

they pronounce it Delburyso that, you see, Corve Dale, whatever Fleet Street might say of it, was discovered ever ". ever so long ago.

From Pedlar's Rest, the fork three miles below Munsiow, we bear right for Craven Arms, the high old coaching house on the Shrewsbury-Hereford road, there turn left, as for Ludlow, and in a mile bear right from the main road so as to win, in about a furlang, to the old fortified mansion called Stokesay Castle, a building dear alike to every antiquarian (no matter how dry-as-dust), every architect, and every mere lover of the pic-turesque who have ever set eyes on it. The way into the Courtyard is through a rare old half-timbered gatehouse, stout oaken door of

which is loop-holed for small arms. Over the door, under an overhanging upper storey, is a rude representation of the Fall of Man. gatehouse may be only a sixteenth century building, whereas the " castle itself is for the most part so early as the thirteenth century. More than that, it is commonly accounted the best thing of its kind in England, the kind being not a military stronghold, but a house built primarily as a dwelling place and afterwards, on second thoughts, fortified.

Also you may know, if you will but have the sense to take the writer on trust, that the stretch of road from Craven Arms (to which place we return from Stokesay), through Little Stretton to Church Stretton, is a very pretty one, and that Church Stretton well deserves the warm place that it occupies in the affections of quite a number of discriminating folk. The short length from the one Stretton to the other—by the way, there is a third Stretton, called All Stretton, a little to the north of Church ditto—threads a beautifully wooded defile between the Longmynd (1,696 ft.) and Ragleth Hill. Mynd (or mynydd) is good, albeit somewhat hard to pronounce,

Welsh for mountain, and Long is still better, to English tongues at any rate, Anglo-Saxon, so that you may not be surprised at learning, the prefix considered, that Church Stretton is also bounded on the west by that fine lump of an English hill with a partly Welsh name. Here, at Church Stretton, the defile has broadened into a valley. not wide, nor grand, but, rather, narrow, a valley—this for a certainty with well wooded flanks, a sort of valley that induces a plain man with a seeing eye, not colour blind, to fall in love with it at first sight.

One of the things to see at Church Stretton is the Carding Mill Valley; another the church, in the north wall of which, Norman, is a blocked-up doorway that, because of a tradition that it formerly was used exclusively for funerals, is called the Corpse Door. The graveyard has this for the epitaph hunter:

On a Thursday she was born; on a Thursday made a bride.
On a Thursday her leg was broke; and

on a Thursday died.

It reminds one of the epitaph in the -, and of that other at and so on, and so on, would run one's

pen if one would allow it. But epitaphs are like fibs-one leads to another, and another perhaps to many; and so it behoves one to be firm with one's pen over this alluring matter of epitaphs. It's a fine place, this Church Stretton, with one topping hotel, The Hotel, and another, The Longmynd; but we can't stop here all day bandying epitaphs. One has to get you back to Birmingham, and so, let us fare across Hazler Hill to Hope Bowdler, thence to Longvillein-the-Dale, up Longville Bank to Presthope, down to Much Wenlock, and back to Morville. That place regained, you will be in a humour to agree with the writer that Wenlock Edge is no mean hill, nor Shropshire a county at which even a Superior Person might sneeze.



Shatterfor Kidderminster 80 95



V A L EE I E S H . I M.T H EOF

Bromsgrove, Droitwich, Worcester, Pershore, Evesham, Alcester and Birmingham. Total distance, 70 miles.

THERE is stuff to this journey, short as the journey is—the stuff of old storied places and, as well, the stuff of the open road. The names Worcester and Evesham have been familiar in the mouths of countless generations of English schoolboys. Each place gave a name to a battle, and if neither battle was epoch-making, nevertheless both were fraught with the sort of happenings that fire the imagination of youth, and therefore stay in men's memories. Probably few men over thirty-nor many, perhaps, over twenty—could say offhand, or even after a short course of head-scratching, that Cromwell won what he described as the "crowning mercy" on September 3rd, 1651; yet is there a man of us all who fails to remember that it was from the fight at Worcester that the youthful Charles the Second, his army outnumbered and badly beaten, fled to Whiteladies, then to Boscobel and the strange adventure in an oak, and eventually, after other awkward shifts, to France? And as the fight at Worcester is memorable, so is the battle of Evesham, though for a different reason. "Many a good body was slain there in that field," wails an old chronicler; "more murder was never before in so little stound "; but the thing that mattered was that among the "murdered" happened to be Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester, his son, and Hugh le Despenser, defenders of the rights of Englishmen against the gross misrule of Henry the Third and his avaricious foreign myrmidons. The victory was Prince Edward's; the honour the Earl Simon's, between whom and his son, who had halted overnight at Alcester, the young prince had driven a wedge. "By the arm of St. James

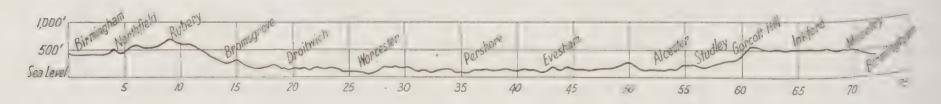
they come on in wise fashion, but it was from me that they learnt it." exclaimed the Earl when he saw the attackers, whom at first he took to be his son's men. Then, when the Welsh, of whom his army chiefly consisted. broke and ran, "Let us commend our souls to God," Simon said to his few staunch supporters, "for our bodies are the foe's." He urged his friends also to fly, but they answered that if he died they had no will to live. The battle lasted but three hours. "The little group of knights around Simon fought desperately, falling one by one till the Earl was left alone. So terrible were his sword strokes that he had all but gained the hill-top, when a lance-



thrust brought his horse to the ground, but Simon still rejected the summons to yield, till a blow from behind felled him, mortally wounded, to the ground. Then with a last cry of 'It is God's grace,' the soul of the great patriot

passed away.'

They buried the Earl, his son and the Despenser before the high altar in the then great abbey church of Evesham. Of that church, that abbey, so great in its day that, says one authority, we have every reason to conclude that out of Oxford and Cambridge there was not to be found so great an assemblage of religious buildings in the only the bell-tower, kingdom. beautiful Perpendicular tower, remains standing. There are, however, a few old houses left in Evesham, as in And Worcester scores Worcester. over Evesham in that it still boasts its abbey church, now a cathedral, and an old tower that, called Edgar's Tower, served first as the castle gatehouse, and then as the abbey. The choir (containing the lid of King John's coffin), the Prince Arthur Chantry (the tomb of Henry VII.'s ill-fated son), the crypt ("a complex and beautiful temple") and the chapter-house are the chief glories of the cethodral the cathedral, and the Commandery is out and away the best of the ancient houses. Pershore, where the Wor-cester-Evesham road is borne across Avon by a fine old bridge, also boasted an abbey. It, founded in Saxon times, waxed so that its yearly revenue at the Dissolution is computed to have been worth £25,000 of our money. But of all the buildings only the church, lopped of its Norman nave, is left standing. As to the stuff of the open road, the plum orchards of the Vale of Evesham are worth a long journey to see in blossoming time.





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THE LONDON TO EDINBURGH RUN.

Some Interesting Reminiscences by Mr. J. van Hooydonk.

HAVE sent in my entry for this year's run, but cannot get away from the thought that there is such a thing as taking the pitcher to the well once too often. Why this idea should come to me now when it has never done so before seems strange, but the fact remains. Maybe it is a question of time, for, going back to the first run of the series and allowing for the four war-years when the function could not be held means 19 years -- a good slice out of one's life. Yet the memory of the first run, in the organisation of which I had a good share, has a very strong "pull"; so much so that I feel I will continue to be one of the crowd in the annual pilgrimage (for such it has become to the remaining few of us who have taken part each year) as long as I can do so with safety to myself and my passenger.

I now have 13 gold medals and one

silver. Until last year the only member to equal me in the number of gold medals was Mr. D. S. Baddeley, a brother of the M.C.C. treasurer "L. A.," who has now for some years been residing in Glasgow and comes up to London every year to take part in the run, always meeting me with the same remark:

"Hooydonk, why don't you chuck it? I will when you do!"

Last year he managed to win a gold, whereas I, through being slightly out of time on a secret check, only obtained a silver—so now he is one gold in front which may satisfy his conscience. But then I completed the very first run, whereas he only began with the second, and this is difficult to make up whichever way he may try.

Looking back to those early runs the event as now carried out seems to

have lost much of its glory, but that also may be due to the number of years that have elapsed, and possibly the young man who enters now for his first London-Edinburgh may in 19 years' time think just as much of the 1922 run as I do of the 1903, although the nature of the event is not now as it was then, when it was purely a Club run—start from London G.P.O. at 12 midnight, get to Edinburgh in 24 hours, go as you please, pay half a crown as entrance fee and the Club provides you with a couple of strip maps of the route which cost 3s. It almost sounds like profiteering! And. of course, all the members were well known to each other-practically personal friends. This, combined with the fact that not a single starter had the audacity to think he would be successful in completing the journey in 24 hours, made the trip something in

the nature of a big adventure, many half-crown bets at 3 to 1 being taken against any of the starters, who were all riding motor cycles in the strict sense of the word. It was only later, when some members went in for cars that four-wheelers first began to take part in the event.

I am only writing from memory—it is a long time ago—but from what I remember when the first London-Edinburgh run was planned many attempts had been made to drive a

is a long time ago—but from what I remember when the first London-Edinburgh run was planned many attempts had been made to drive a motor vehicle over the 400 miles journey in 24 hours, all ending in failure, so that really the men who started on the trip were up against something. Can it be wondered, therefore, that the run as now carried out, with a crowd of some 350 to 400 competitors, mostly unknown to each other, starting at half-minute intervals and keeping to a strict schedule time,

which must not be departed from by more than a few minutes each way on a journey that many hundreds have successfully accomplished, is not so full of fascination to those who took part in the first ride and laid the foundation for the big event it has now become?

How did the mad ideaas it was then considered-enterinto our heads? Strictly speaking, it was due to an after-dinner speech by Mr. Arthur Candler, still a member of the Club, a hard-working member of the com-mittee, and hon. secretary for some years; but to my mind it was due to the fact that many, if not most, of the then members were old enthusiastic cyclists and some at any rate members of the North Road Cycling Club, a body that has done so much to foster long-distance cycling on the road.

(Continued on page 36.)



Mr. J. van Hooydonk on the 3½ h.p. Phænix Trimo, on which he successfully completed the first London-to-Edinburgh run.

OWNER-DRIVER'S EXPERIENCE WITH AN C. AN

YALCOTT is a name that has been known from the very early days of motoring, and the modern 11.9 h.p. car of that make upholds the Calcott reputation for soundness of construction and refinement of design. It really is a car for the owner-driver, never giving trouble that cannot be remedied at home, and of a praiseworthy accessibility when adjustments are required.

The Calcott is not a speedy car, but what it will do—that is, 40-45 m.p.h. it does without fuss, and will continue to do, never seeming to get hot or tired.

The engine is a four-cylinder of 69 mm. by 110 mm., and is notable for its flexibility; it will pull quite smoothly at a walking pace on a top gear of 4 to 1, and yet will accelerate up to its maximum. This ratio I consider to be on the high side, although I have completed several long journeys to the coast and Coventry to London on this gear with three up. To do this, however, I had to keep going well above the limit. When a gear change is necessary, the change is very easy, and the lower gears are really quiet.

The brakes, too, are good; they required taking up several times in the car's early stages, but now seem settled down to smooth working. The adjustment of brakes is easily accomplished by tightening down winged nuts at the rear of the car-two or three turns in as many seconds, and away you go!

The Lucas equipment is of Lucas quality-which is to say that it is perfect. The starting handle has yet to be used, and—another remarkable fact—the radiator needed only a pint and a half of water to fill it up after

1,500 miles' running.

That the Calcott is a real "notrouble" car the following seems to

prove :-

Leaving London on Friday midnight, and competing in the London-Holyhead Trial, I covered 752 miles by Monday midday. The competition included some of the reputed worst roads in England. After a 170 miles run to Rhayader the roads were left, and mountain paths followed. These were extremely rough and difficult to negotiate, being intersected by numerous water courses, which were to be found at the bottom of each precipitous and rocky slope. This particular stretch finished with a wide river to cross—real Colonial conditions, and the car that can go over this bit



Above: A door on the driver's side gives easy access in spite of right hand levers. Below: Calcott door handles are unusual and effective. They pull out instead of turning.







AN CALCOTT IN A TEST OF GREAT SEVERITY.





Above: Accessibility—a point of prime importance to the owner-driver—is a strong feature of the Calcott.

Below: Flats are formed beneath the front axle to enable the jack-head to obtain a secure scating.



of road without mishap must be made of the best of material.

It was a great relief to reach Machynlleth safely after a most perilous descent. After lunch the track over the summit of the notorious Bwlch-y-Groes had to be climbed, and I was really proud of the way the Calcott settled down to a steady pull. It was not a speed burst or an exhibition climb, but a real hard grind at a safe touring speed—a fine example of power developed at reasonable engine speed, and just what the average tourist wants.

The Calcott stood up to its reputation throughout, making a non-stop and arriving to time at all checks. Having successfully completed the run of 334 miles of this trial, which is now recognised as the stiffest held in England, I headed the Calcott back to Menai Bridge, making a total of 358 miles in 17 hours of running.

Restarting on Sunday morning I went around the coast via Carnarvon and Harlech, incidentally paying four tolls before lunch time.

Making various calls, and taking numerous photographs, the Calcott reached London at midday on Monday, having put up an excellent average, although it is not a fast car, and having given no trouble throughout the 752 miles.

For the benefit of other 11.9 h.p. Calcott users, I may say that I obtain the best results from half-and-half petrol and benzole, with a Zenith carburetter setting of 16 choke, 70 compensator and 75 main jet. I use also a Bowden extra-air device operated from steering column. On the return from the run referred to, with two up and luggage, my average consumption was 45 m.p.g., but I must admit that I was trying for a big m.p.g.

The car is really a 2-seater; that is to say, there is not room for more in front, but it is extremely comfortable for two, and has a roomy and comfortable dickey, the interior of which is just as well finished as the exterior of the car. The gear box, a separate unit, might be more serviceable, especially for town work and ladies' use if the ratios instead of being 4, 7, and 11 to 1 were slightly lower all round, say, $4\frac{1}{2}$, 9, and 13 to 1.

As I have said, the car is very comfortable, with deep, well-padded seats; the springing is extremely smooth in action, and the steering light. The car holds the road well, and is silent in running.

W.J.B.



Continued from page 33.)

Many years ago—I think it was in 1889—the North Road Club decided to attempt a 24 hours run from London to York, and I remember well that at that time the chances of the cyclists successfully accomplishing the journey were considered about equal to what in 1903 the motor cyclists were expected to be capable of

The London to York run proved a huge success, and is still carried on every year. Thus at the 1903 Annual Dinner of the M.C.C., at which Mr. S. F. Edge was in the chair, Mr. Candler lamented the fact that although we all rode motor cycles which could go at least twice as fast as the foot-propelled bicycle, we were contented with short runs—very enjoyable, true, but none of us had really gone out of our way to show what the new machine could do. The North Road Club had a run to York every year. Why not have a similar run, but go double the distance?

The suggestion received immediate support, and the committee there and then decided that the matter would be considered at its next meeting. No grass was allowed to grow over the suggestion mooted at the Dinner. Mr. C. W. Brown was appointed hon. secretary for the event with myself

and Mr. A. F. Ilsley to assist in the arrangements. We were all three old North Road Cycling Club men, the knowledge of that club's perfect organisation of its long distance events proving of the greatest value.

The evening of the start, which was to take place at 12 p.m. from Paternoster Square as near the G.P.O. as possible, duly came round, and the sight, with the 26 machines assembled and a big crowd of onlookers, was such as the City of London has not often witnessed at midnight. All the machines were motor bicycles, with the exception of mine, which was a Phœnix Trimo-a 3½ engined motor bicycle with a fore carriage attached, and, I believe, a similar 3-wheeled machine—a Bradbury. Many an old road record holder could be seen among the crowd who had assembled to wish us well.

Frank Shorland, the hero of many a 24 hours bicycle ride, Montague Holbein, S. F. Edge, and J. W. Stocks were among them.

It was just a big party of old acquaintances who had had many a battle on the road. S. F. Edge was then a car man, and well I remember his looking at a spare cover tied on the back—a 1¾ in. tandem bicycle tyre cover—and remarking:

"Nonsense; if you have to use this it will carry you about from here to

Highgate Archway!'

When St. Paul's struck 12 o'clock we all started in a bunch, getting out of the narrow turnings as best we could, out into Cheapside, round by the G.P.O., along Aldersgate Street and along Goswell Road, by the Angel, Islington, Liverpool Road, Holloway Road, and so up the Archway Road to Barnet and the North, many a rider jocularly asking for the way to Edinburgh from the crowds of interested onlookers.

The aim of the run was that both man and machine should get there by the route laid down without any other assistance than could be obtained by a tourist in the ordinary way, and to insure this all machines were sealed with a lead seal, with an additional seal on the engine.

Geo. Roberts, who was then the

Club's general hon, secretary, and had agreed to join me as passenger in the front seat, was as anxious as I was myself to get to Edinburgh, even if it took us twice 24 hours, so we put our heads together and provided anything that we could think might be wanted on the journey. As spares we had wheel spindles and stub axles, spokes, nipples, two spare accumulators (this was before the time of the magneto), some sparking plugs, copper wire enough to run a telephone line, petrol, oil, carbide and water for the lamp, and something stronger for ourselves, a vice, files, small and large hammers, enough food for 24 hours, tobacco, cigarettes—in fact, a small travelling store.

Luck was with us all the way; not a tool or a spare of any kind was used, and our machine, little more than a strong bicycle with an engine slung on and a pair of wheels replacing the single front wheel, carried us the 400 miles at an average of 20 m.p.h. Few of us would like to undertake the journey on such a machine nowadays. As time went on both of us became anxious as to how long our luck woul! last, and I remember as if it were yesterday when going round the oll castle at Cockburnspath at something like 27 an hour, with about 50 miles to go, Roberts shouting:

"For God's sake, man, be thankful for our luck. Don't throw our chances away. This is not a Gordon-Bennett race!"

We arrived at Musselburgh, where half an hour's wait had been arranged in order to allow a procession to be formed, and from there drove into Edinburgh with a strong force of mounted police leading the way, the roads on either side lined with thick crowds of spectators cheering us. Princes Street was lined with police holding the crowds back, and the 16 survivors of the 27 starters really began to think themselves heroes.

There were many stories of troubles on the roads. One man arrived at about I p.m. His reward was a silver medal only, but if the award had been proportionate to the work done against time a gold medal with a diamond centre would have been nearer the mark.



The author in the modern 11.9 h.p. Phanix, which he will drive in this year's London-to-Edinburgh run.



The 12-cylinder 350 h.p. Sunbeam Racing Car at Brooklands

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Kilometre (from Flying Start)	• •	• •	133.75	125.947
1 Mile (from Standing Start)	• •	• •	96.63	87.34
1 Mile (from Flying Start)	• •	• •	129.17	124.1
2 Miles (from Flying Start)	• •	• •	122.11	122.05
1 Lap (from Flying Start)		• •	123.39	_
5 Miles (from Flying Start)	• •		116.75	116.08
10 Miles (from Flying Start)	• •	• •	113.13	112.57

These records were achieved by MR. K. LEE-GUINNESS and MAJOR H. O. D. SEGRAVE, driving Racing Sunbeams at Brooklands, on 17th and 20th May, 1922, and put completely in the shade all previous best times over the same distances. Subject to confirmation by the International Federation of Automobile Clubs, they constitute the present World's Records.

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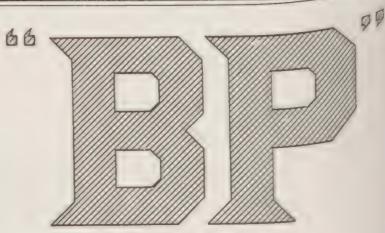
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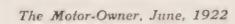


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OUTOF EVIL COMETH GOOD.

Some interesting facts concerning the origin and evolution of the K.L.G. Plug.

LTHOUGH the K.L.G. sparking-plug is universally known, few people are aware that it was originally produced in the cellars of a highwayman's refuge. The incent: inception of the plug was due to Mr. K.
Lee Guinness, one of that famous trio of racing motorists, the other two being D. Resta and J. Chassagne, who, between them, broke all records from five to five to twelve hours and from 500 to 1,000 miles on a Sunbeam car at Brooklands in 1912.

Mr. Guinness found that the one thing that limited engine speed and efficience that limited engine and efficiency was the sparking-plug, and time after time a new potential speed record was spoilt solely because there was no plug made which would stand to the properatures up to the enormous temperatures developed and sustained.

Mr. Guinness therefore started to work to make his own plugs, and his success

success was so marked that at the request of some other racing drivers who failed to benefit from their highefficiency engines, a few were

made and distributed among a small circle of friends.

These original experimental plugs were made at "New-lands," an old-world house. This house, at present used as the offices of the company, has many historical associations. It is some three centuries old, and was originally called "The Bald Face Stag," being a well-mouth Road

It is interesting to note that,
being about half-way between
Whitehall Whitehall and Hampton Court, it was a favourite stopping place for the Court on their journeys, and Charles II., who had a hunting box in Richmond Park, went to the trouble of having a subterranean passage made from his house to "The Bald Face Stag."

It was also the home of Jerry bersh Abershaw, a celebrated Putney Heath highwayman, whose name survives in "Jerry's Hill," running from the Robin Hood Engineering Works to Wimbledon Common, Jerry having ended his days on a gibbet at the top of the hill.

The old farm buildings, now used as stores by the present occupiers, were for centuries the stables for the change horses of the Brighton Road Coach.

The house is regarded by antiquarians with interest, its roof in particular being both beautiful and unique, while in one of the rooms there is a priests' hiding-place contained in the thickness of the chimney. This, however, has been bricked up, and must be taken on trust.

The outbreak of war led to the immediate development of the existing racing car engines for aeroplanes, and the total unsuitability of the sparkingplugs then in existence was early recognised, and led the engine manufacturers and the Air Board to urge Mr. K. Lee Guinness to extend his personal work to meet national needs.

A small shop was erected, in which it was possible to produce from 4,000 to 5,000 plugs per week; from that time onward, the success of the "K.L.G." sparking-plug was positively assured. The War Office and Admiralty quickly recognised its value, and placed what was in those days considered to be a record order. Other shops were added, and, as the quantities in use became larger, the merits of the plug were still more widely appreciated, and the demands of the Air Ministry became more and more insistent.

Early in 1917 production on a larger scale was closely investigated, and the Ministry of Munitions insisted on a large factory being built and equipped with every known modern appliance for sparking-plug manufacture. This factory was completed, and began producing in 1917; but, in spite of concentrated effort and the employment of over a thousand hands, it never succeeded in satisfying the demands of even the Air Ministry for "K.L.G." sparking-plugs, al-

though they were produced at the rate of two million plugs per year.

Two remarkable record performances were made at Brooklands on Wednesday, May 24th. The Aston Martin light car made a daylight to dusk run, starting at 4.30 a.m. and finishing at 9.15 p.m. The distance run was 1,275 miles 532 yards in 16 hours 33 seconds. In all, 32 new records were set up: 10 World's and 22 Light Car

On the same day, A.C. light car reeled off the first twelve hours of a successful attempt on the "double-twelve" hour record, finishing the performance on the following day. A total distance of 1,709 miles, 1,234 yards was covered in the 24 hours, at an average speed of 71.23 m.p.h.



The home of the K.L.G. plug-originally a hostelry and highwayman's refuge and now - super-efficient engineering works.

A REMARKABLE AND SUCCESSFUL WORLD'S



Attacking a standing start record. Note the beginning of the wheel-spin, which-



-- continues for many yards before the driving wheels can grip the "...

Quite a number of interesting record attempts have been made at Brooklands recently with cars of various sizes, but the most sensational is that of the great twelve-cylinder Sunbeam, with Mr. K. Lee Guinness at the wheel, when six world's records were captured. The greatest speed was accomplished in the flying half-mile, when 136 miles an hour was slightly exceeded. For the flying kilometre the speed was 133\frac{3}{4}, and for the flying mile a shade more than 129 miles an hour. The same distances from a standing start were covered at 76'72, 83'51 and 96'63 miles an hour respectively, and we would draw particular attention to the



The 12-cylinder Sunbeam about to enter the railway straight, where the highest speeds are made.

RECORD PERFORMANCE AT

BROOKLANDS.



Note the narrowness of the single-seater streamlined body.



Kenelm Lee Guinness and the 12-cylinder Sunbeam car.

enormous powers of acceleration necessary to enable an average speed of over 76 miles an hour to be made in the short distance of half a mile, from a standstill. Further record attempts were made by Mr. K. Lee Guinness on the same car and Major Seagrave on a 6-cylinder Sunbeam after the Royal Meeting, with the result that the five miles record fell to the former at 116.75 miles an hour, and the ten miles to Major Seagrave at 113'13 m.p.h. The comparatively small difference between the speeds of the two cars, especially when it is borne in mind that the less powerful vehicle did the greater distance, is noteworthy.



Taking the railway straight in the reverse direction—a necessity for world's records.

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STRANGE STORIES OF THE DERBY.

The thoughts of sportsmen throughout the world were, until the Derby was decided a few days ago, concentrated upon the classic Epsom race, so that a few anecdotes of the romance and tragedy of past events may be interesting.

Fever romance was associated with the winning of the Derby surely the finest example is provided by the varied incidents connected with the upbringing of Signorinetta. The owner of this filly, which was destined to fill one of the most interesting pages in the history of England's premier classic race for thoroughbreds, was an Italian nobleman, Chevalier E. Ginistrelli. He first brought Signorina to Newmarket and sheltered her in George Blackwell's stable, from where Sergeant Murphy was prepared for this year's Grand National. I think it is perfectly correct to say that this was the only racehorse in the possession of the Chevalier. At all events, it was certainly the only one he had in this country at the time.

He had his own ideas of breeding and, not unnaturally, his one ambition was to breed a classic winner. But surely he must also have been well endowed with imagination to ever have the slightest faith that he could achieve that object when his stable consisted of only one horse. Like most people, however, who have very fixed ideas and absolute confidence in their own

ability to bring them to fruition, he would not be thwarted. Friends endeavoured to persuade him of the folly of his ways, but while he listened to their advice with patience and without argument, he quietly persisted in the carrying out of his life-long plan.

Consequently he paid a substantial subscription to have his mare covered by Rock Sand, who himself had won the Derby in By a curious set of circumstances, however, which I need not fully relate, the Chevalier was convinced in his own mind that there was a possibility of greater sympathy existing between Signorina and Chaleu-There was a touch of reux. worldliness about the circumstances which produced the conviction, and not many breeders of the racehorse would have been influenced by them. It was purely a chance meeting between the two animals in one of the many spots which abound at Newmarket which gave the Chevalier his inspiration, and he there and then decided to forfeit his fee for the services of Rock Sand, and paid a much smaller sum for those of Chaleureux.

The result of this "love match" was the birth of Signorinetta, who in 1908 was destined to provide one of the biggest sensations ever associated with racing at Epsom by winning the Derby. Any old price could have been obtained against the filly carrying off this valuable event, and her starting price was 100 to 1 against. Rarely has an owner shown such deep affection for an animal as that displayed by the Italian toward Signorinetta. He even neglected duties of his native land so that he could be with the filly throughout her preparation for the Derby.

As far as I can ascertain it is a record for a man owning but two animals, mother and daughter, to win the Epsom classic. Two days after her success in the Derby Signorinetta confirmed her superiority over all the other fillies by winning the "Ladies" Derby." Now for the tragedy. would undoubtedly have figured among the select coterie credited with winning the Triple Crown had the desire to test her severely on the training ground been so keen. She had done well enough in one gallop to justify her owner regarding her as an absolute It was, certainty for the St. Leger. however, thought advisable to make doubly sure, and again she answered a big question with every satisfaction. But there is a limit to all things, and it will always be regarded that it will always be regarded that Signorinetta lost the St. Leger through at the severity of her last trial at

Nevertheless her record is truly a marvellous one. I have dealt mainly with the facts of the case, and those readers who possess imagination to find ample scope for its exercise their own delight, and maybe to their profit. For surely what one man has been able to accomplish is not impossibility for others.

Everybody, of course, who takes even the tiniest interest in here racing knows Herbert Jones by name if they are not familiar with him

if they are not familiar with him personally. It may not, how ever, be generally known that he owes his introduction to fame as a jockey through the peculiar circumstances of Diamond Jubilee's victory in the Derby. Diamond Jubilee belonged to the late King Edward, who at the time of which I am writing was Prince of Wales. It was a life of J. difficult colt to ride, and J. Watts Watts, who in those days was the regular jockey for the Royal stable stable, could never exercise that control control over the lorse which would enable him to do his beat It was known that the colt was decidedly useful, and R. Marsh was not carried away by a wild flight of income flight of imagination when the expressed the opinion to Prince of Wales that there were distinct possibilities of Diamond



Signorinetta, F. Bullock up, and the owner, Chevaluer E. Ginistrelli.





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THE DISQUALIFICATION OF CRAGANOUR.

Jubilee having serious pretensions to classic form.

Herbert Jones was at that time a stable lad, and proud of the fact that he was privileged to look after Persimmon. He, too, was thoroughly lamond Jubilee. The pair, as a matter of fact, got on very well together, but it was nevertheless a bold policy to entrust the handling of Diamond Jubilee in the Derby to a jockey who had had very little experience of race-riding—especially in an event of any great importance. Jones rode like a veteran; Diamond Jubilee showed his appreciation of the boy's presence, which seemed to have the effect of completely obliterating, for and he won amidst tremendous excitement.

That victory set the seal of fame to the career of Herbert Jones, and although he is now old in the service of the Royal stable, he has lost none of the capabilities which he then exhibited, and has this season been associated with one or two notable triumphs of horses belonging to King George.

It will, I suppose, be a long, long time—in fact perhaps never again in the history of the race—before a love feud and revenge will be so prominently identified with the Derby as was the case in 1867. Only a few days ago Lord Chaplin was relating a story of how he won a considerable his horse Hermit, in that year. There is, however, a more romantic side to the agree the story of the success of the agree the story of the success of the story of the story of the success of the story of

the affair which old timers are never tired of recalling. It is probably a classic in its own sphere. Prior to the Derby of Was proud to be known in those days, was engaged to Lady of the Marquis of Anglesey. She for her beauty, and from her first liarly known among her circle of Venus." It was in 1864 that

54

the Squire of Lincolnshire—Mr. Chaplin—became engaged to her. The date of the wedding had been arranged, but suddenly her ladyship transferred her affections to the handsome Marquis of Hastings. The tales of his extravagant expenditure are more or less familiar.

While shopping one day in Regent Street, shortly before the date fixed for her marriage, Lady Florence Paget left the shop by another door, met the Marquis of Hastings according to prearranged plans, and was married to him before other influences could be set to work.

Three years later the Marquis of Hastings had committed himself to an enormous financial liability on a horse engaged in the Derby of 1867. Had his speculation been a success he would have won a considerable fortune with which he could have continued to indulge his spendthrift habits. He was, however, doomed to bitter disappointment, with which was associated practically his complete ruina-He died in the following year. It certainly reads more like an incident manufactured by the imagination of a fiction writer, but it is positively a fact that the success of Mr. Chaplin's Hermit was the cause of the ruin of the nobleman who had deprived him of his intended wife. Whether it was a case of revenge being sweet, or not, I do not pretend to know.

Whenever the incidents of past races for the Derby are under survey the disqualification of Craganour in 1913 is always cited as one of the most amazing happenings in the history of the Epsom classic. The actual race

had been chock full of thrills and excitement, and even a furlong from home Mr. Bower Ismay, the owner of Craganour, could not, with any degree of confidence, begin to count his winnings nor anticipate the pleasures of leading in the winner. There were half a dozen horses with excellent prospects of winning, the most prominent being the raging-hot favourite, Craganour, Aboyeur, Louvois, and Great Sport. Johnny Reiff rode the race of his life on Craganour, and literally squeezed home by a head. A length would have covered the first six as Craganour flew by the judge's box.

The weighing-in ceremony was satisfactorily completed, bookmakers began to pay out, and the horses were returning to the paddock when, to the utter amazement of everybody who witnessed the race, the stewards called Craganour back to the unsaddling enclosure, and expressed their intention of inquiring into the running. No formal objection had been lodged on the part of others in the race. The stewards, themselves, took the initiative, and even to this day many people have never been able to appreciate the disqualification of Craganour for bumping. Thus the race was awarded to Aboyeur—a 100 to 1 chance. No doubt the horses were sorely tried as they were called upon for a last desperate effort in what had been a particularly fast run and gruelling race, but whatever views one may have concerning the justification, or otherwise, of the stewards' action, their word is final. Disqualification in the

Derby is, fortunately, an extremely rare occurrence, but this was made the more remarkable because it was directly attributable to the activities of the stewards!

Mr. Bower Ismay, a few days afterwards, sold Craganour for 30,000 guineas, and the "Derby winner" was sent to the Argentine for stud purposes. Aboyeur, too, found a new home a few weeks later, his destination being Russia.



Craganour, whose disqualification as winner for bumping was the sensation of the Derby of 1913.



CARAVANS AND CARAVANNING.

A Few Words Concerning a Delightful Way of Holiday-making. By An Amateur Gipsy.

YINCE we first went caravanning some twenty years ago, "the complete art of caravanning" has changed its character somewhat, just as transport has done.

But caravanning, whether of the old-fashioned type with horse vans, or newer fashioned, in which motorvans and motor trailer-vans play their part, still remains one of the most delightful and, in a mild sense, adventurous ways of spending a summer holiday and of seeing something of one's own and even of other

Many poets have sung of the joys of the open road. And one can catch something of the spirit of the gipsy life in the pages of George Borrow, who has been called "the vagabond author"; and in the poems of Robert Louis Stevenson, who was always adventuring either in fact or

In the past we have watched the miles slipping away alongside our caravan in many of the counties of England.

There is, indeed, something in-

triguing in the mere word caravan, conjuring memories of camels and desert sands, blue, un-clouded skies and vast open spaces, and, coming nearer home, of uplands, moorland wastes, smiling valleys, bold headlands and commons upon which the grey geese strut and yellow gorse blooms abundantly.

To enjoy caravanning to the full presumes the possession of a streak of the gipsy spirit. And, strange to say, many who possess this are unaware of the fact till they have "the face of earth around and the road before" them, as Stevenson puts it.

We have met all sorts of caravan folk, from the real gipsy article to millionaires; but most even of the

latter have caught something of the lure of the open road.

To-day the tendency is towards motor traction. But we ourselves have still a liking for the older form of horse-drawn van, with its leisurely progress along the highways and byways, the sounds of the crunching road beneath its wheels, and its picturesqueness.

The pioneer of caravanning was undoubtedly Dr. Gordon Stables, the once well-known writer of boy's books, who for a period of some forty years practically lived in his succession of caravans, one of which, the most famous, was named "The Wanderer." It was a fine, saloon type of van built to his order and fitted so as to allow of living in it almost the whole year

There are many nowadays of similar type, both for sale and hire, although there is said to be a shortage this year owing to the housing problem, which has caused quite a number of people to purchase a van to live in when they cannot find a house!

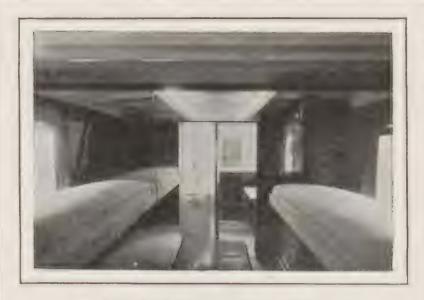
A good van of this type is about 18 ft. in length, extreme breadth 6 ft. 8 in., and height from the surface of the road to the top 10 ft. 6 in. only disadvantage of a van of this size is that it cannot be turned in an ordinary country road, and its height sometimes causes the roof to be swep: by low-hanging branches of trees.

Vans divide themselves very naturally into four classes: One-horse, of gipsy type of vans; those drawn by two or more horses; and motor vans, or "trailer" vans to be used with a car.

The gipsy type of van, of which we give an illustration, is generally light in draught and very carefully planned as regards economy of space. A van of the type we have in mind may be anything in length from 8 ft. to 12 ft. over-all inside measurements, and in breadth from 6 ft. to 6 ft. 6 in. over-all outside measurement. A medium-sized van of this type will carry comfortably four to five persons during the day. Of these, three can sleep in the van and the other two out, either at cottage, inn, or in a tent.

The chief advantages of vans of this type are their lightness, general handiness and comparatively low cost, either to purchase or hire. They can generally on average roads be draw! by a single horse. They are large enough for comfort, yet there is no waste space. Built on the gipsy pattern, they are smart, picturesque - looking, and generally well ventilated

The hire of vans, like ost other things. most other things, "gone up" since pre-war A single - horse gipsy type of van nowadays costs anything from £2 10s. per week to £3 10s. per week, and these rates must be increased at least 50 per cent. for the month of August. The two-horse



The five-bunk bedroom of an elaborate motor caravan of the trailer type, built for use in the Argentine by Martin Walter, Ltd., of Folkestone. The bedroom is convertible to a living-room, and there is a separate kitchen and scullery.

PRACTICAL DETAILS.

and more saloon van will cost from £5 5s. to £12 12s. per week, according to size and fittings, and here again an increase of at least 25 per cent. must be allowed for in the height of the season.

The hire of horses depends so much on local conditions and supply that it is difficult to estimate, but 30s. to £2 per week per horse is a moderate estimate; and keep, say, £1 to 30s. per week per horse must be added. This may be lessened if the horses are turned out at night and the "keep" in the field is good. Incidental expenses—i.e., reshoeing of horses, turning out

out fees, brake blocks, lubricating oil, and similar items—will make a hole in £2 to £3 per week. For many holiday makers, no doubt, the motor caravan or the "trailer" van, which can be attached to any touring car of attractions. The more modern type of traction, and nowadays his needs are fairly well catered for.

The motor caravan may be divided, at the present day, into vans proper and vans which are "trailed" by cars.

There are various advantages in both kinds. The motor caravan is self-contained, more substantial, and can be much larger.

The advantages of the "trailer" type of caravan is that it is handier, much less costly, avoids licence, and enables one to live the separate use of its motor other purposes. The last advantage is of considerable value.

Many owners of "trailer" vans tow them to a suitable spot, fix them up, and only return to or home at will

or home at will.

Though the larger type of motor caravan is more cumbersome than a horse vehicle of the claimed for it that for continuous are to be covered in a comparatively short time a well-appointed It may be anything from II ft.



A motor caravan and trailer getting ready for the start.

to 20 ft. in length. The larger and heavier vans are usually made of teak, or mahogany, and steel; the lighter types of three-ply and steel, or even three-ply and stout, waterproof canvas.

The cost of motor caravans varies very considerably according to the chassis upon which it is built, and the fittings. The smaller type of van can be purchased for about £500, and some of the larger cost £2,000 and upwards.

The excellent Eccles "trailer" vans, for use with one's own car, which fill a long felt want and are gaining in popularity, vary in cost from £175 to £275, and upwards. For even the first-named figure one can get a wonderfully

serviceable "trailer" in which four beds can be made up. It is a very roomy van for its size, made of waterproof canvas, and lined inside with ornamental woodwork. It will carry six people on the road, and run with as tonishing smoothness.

We have now dealt with the more technical side of caravan holidays. There is certainly no kind of holiday capable of affording such pleasure and benefit as regards health, provided the Clerk of the Weather be in a good mood.

A very important matter is the constitution of the party. Uncongenial com-

panions would soon become anathema. One may not have to "rough it" much; but one must be prepared for the ups and downs of the road, which try the temper. Also it will not always be fine. Therefore choose your companions and guests wisely.

Another important point is the camping place. The main qualifications one should look for are quietude, space, a good and plentiful supply of water (most important), a near-by possibility of shelter for those who may be sleeping under canvas, in the event of a sudden break in the weather.

A farm generally affords an admirable "pitch." From it one can usually obtain one's daily supplies of milk, eggs, butter, and veget-

It should, however, be remembered that the grant of the use of a field or stack yard does not give the right to roam all over the place, nor to annex firewood, or anything else one may need, without permission.

The question of cost cannot be stated without allowing some little latitude. But it may be said that for a one-horse van party of four persons the cost for each per week ought not to exceed £4 to £5 10s., according to the type of van, the standard of living and the running expenses of putting up for the night, etc.

If one remains for a week at one place the cost will be found to be lessened.

The cost of a party with a motor van will be found to vary according to the mileage covered.



A two-horse caravan on the road.

WHAT'S ON IN JUNE?

Lighting-up time for London: June 1st, 9.30 p.m.; July 1st, 9.45 p.m.



1. Th. Motor Cycle T.T. Race, Isle of Man.

M.C.C. London-Edinburgh.

Racing: Kempton Park.

Polo: Open Cup Final, Rochampton.

4. Sun. Motor Meet at Le Mans.

M. Start Royal Scottish Automobile Club 1,000 Miles Light Car Trial. B.A.R.C. Meeting.

b. T. Racing: Hurst Park.

7. W. Ranelagh Horse and Polo Pony Show.

8. Th. Richmond, Royal Horse Show.

Racing: Manchester Cup. o. F.

10. 8. B.M.C.R.C. Junior Car Club, London to Manchester Trial.

Polytechnic Marathon Race.

Spa (Belgium) Motor Meet.

11. Sun. Picardy Automobile Hill Climb, Marseilles, 300 Miles Race.

12. M. Cricket: Tonbridge Week.

13. T. Racing: Ascot.

14. W. Racing: Ascot, Gold Cup.

15. Th. Racing: Ascot. 10. F.

Racing: Ascot.

Freshwater Fishing Opens.

International Horse Show, Olympia, 17. 5. to zatil.

Racing: Folkestone. 19. M.

20. T. Racing: Folkestone. R.A.C. Sportsman's Cup for Private Owners of Sporting Models.

21. W. Alexandra Rose Day.

22. Th. Racing: Newbury.

International Tourist Trophy Race, Isle of Man, 3-Litre Cars. 1,500 C.C. Light Car, T.T. Race, Isle

of Man. Racing: Sandown Park. 23. F.

Manx A.C. Open Hill Climb.

A.C.U. Midland Centre Reliability 24. S. Trial. Royal Air Force Pageant, London

Aerodrome, Hendon.

Ladies' Sports at Ranelagh. Polo: Championship Cup, Harris 20. M.

ham.

Endurance Test, 26 to July 2. 1,200 Miles round Czecho-Slovakia. Golf: Open Championship, Sandwich

Racing: Newmarket. 27. T.

Racing: Newmarket. 25. W.

29. 11. Racing: Newmarket.

Amaleur Athletic Championships, jo F. Stamford Bridge.

Cricket: Navy v. Army, at Lord's.

ROJDS. STATE OFTHETHE

THE following road information is compiled from reports received by the Automobile Association and Motor Union:

The Aylesbury road is in fairly good condition, but repairs are in hand at Stanmore Hill and Aston Clinton; half width only available.

The Bath road is poor in places between Colnbrook and Taplow, then good. Repairs are in hand near Taplow, and r mile west of Reading. Tarmac is being laid at Newbury.

There are short stretches of poor surface on the Brighton road at Reigate, Redhill, Crawley, Handcross and Patcham, this road being otherwise fair. Repairs are in hand at Banstead, Reigate, Redhill, Crawley and Handcross.

The surfaces of the Coventry road and the roads in the Bedford district are generally good. Repairs are in hand at Hockliffe and St. Albans, and reconstructional work I mile north of St. Albans on the Harpenden road.

The Eastbourne road is in generally fair condition. Sewerage work is in hand at Whyteleafe, and care is necessary owing to three-quarters of the road being affected. Tarspraying is in progress between Godstone and East Grinstead, and drainage work is in hand between Salmaston and Berwick on the Lewes-Eastbourne road.

The surface of the Folkestone road is good, but widening is in progress at Farningham and Kingsdown. The roads in the Canterbury district are in fair condition, whilst tar patching is general

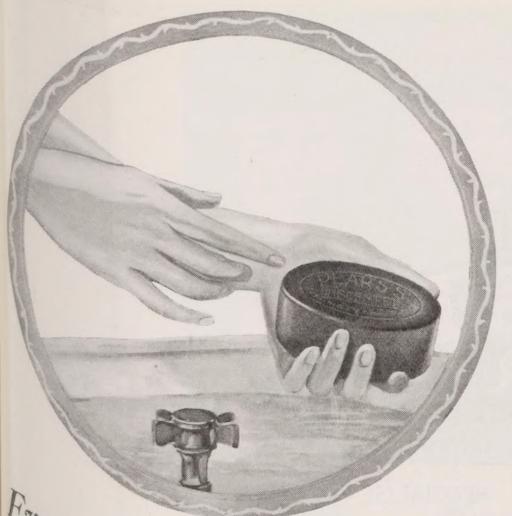
throughout the county of Kent.

The North Road, which is in generally good condition, has poor stretches between Hadley-Potters Bar, Bampton Hut-Alconbury Hill and Stilton-Norman Cross, Repairs and Stilton-Norman miles Cross. Repairs are in progress 2 miles south of Biggleswade.

The surface of the Hastings road is poor through Sevenoaks and Battle otherwise fair. Repairs are in progress at Hilden boro' also to research points.

wise fair. Repairs are in progress at Hilden's boro', also tarspraying at several points. Caution advised through Robertsbridge.

The Oxford road is poor as far as Stokenchurch, then fair onwards. Repairs are in hand at Wycombe Marsh, also full width at West Wycombe. Caution advised owing to bad surface, on the Dashwoods and Aston Rowant Hills.



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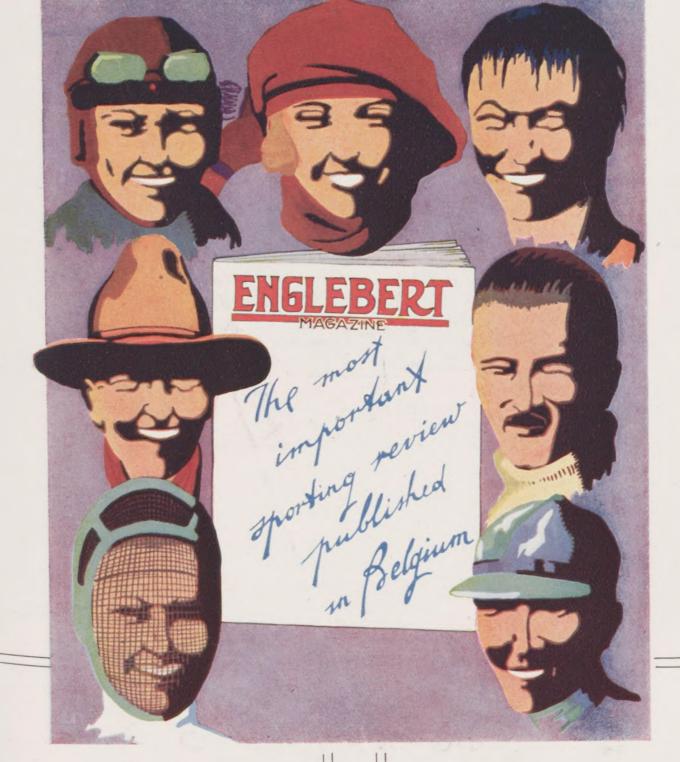
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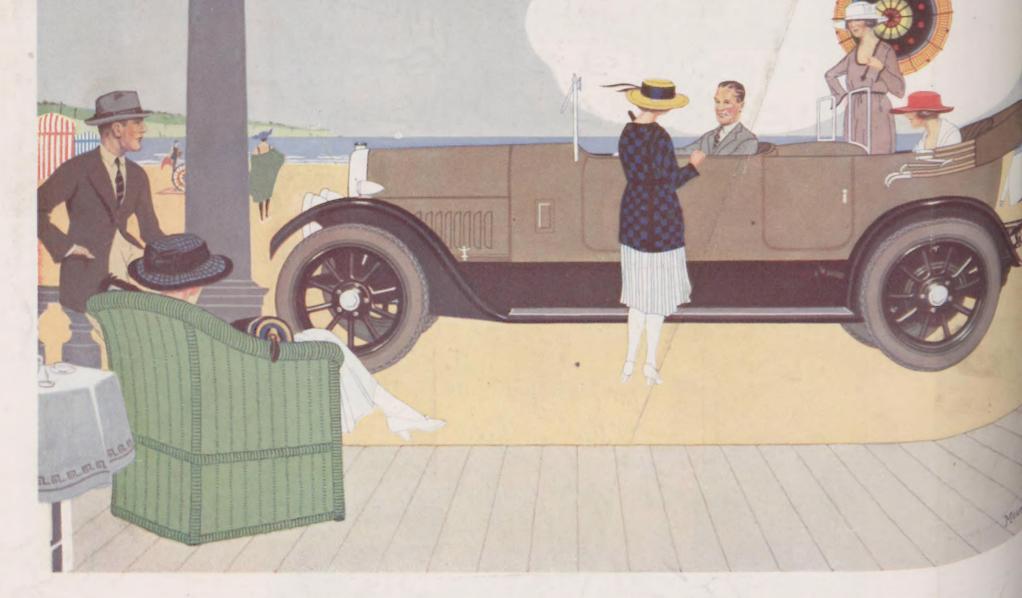
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